

SCREENLAND

April
25c



BESSIE LOV

By

Georgia
Warren

ALICE WHITE OFFERS \$500.
WIN PRIZES FOR THEME SONG
SEE PAGE 41



Edna Wallace Hopper, her yearly vacation over, has deserted Paris and fashionable French watering places for her theatrical tour on the Keith-Albee-Orpheum Circuit.

Miss Hopper Startles Paris

In a letter to Chicago, MISS HOPPER says:

"My very close friend, Princesse Galitzine and others of the American colony, enthused over my White Youth Clay and Youth Cream beauty treatment. Six years ago I furnished some of my intimate friends in Paris the formulae for the clay and cream, which they have had their chemists make ever since. They are amazed at the quick and lasting results. This is a delightful tribute in a country where beauty is considered well won at any price. Yes, to the French, a woman's attractiveness is indeed a serious matter."

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Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Clay draws every impurity to the surface and leaves the face delightfully refreshed, glowing and smooth. A white clay pack at home takes only a few minutes. It is removed with cold water and the treatment finished with a bit of Miss Hopper's fragrant cream as a base for her light or heavy Youth Powder. The purging action of the clay gives your skin a lovely, natural blush . . . leaves it as smooth as a rose petal.

••[An Invitation]••

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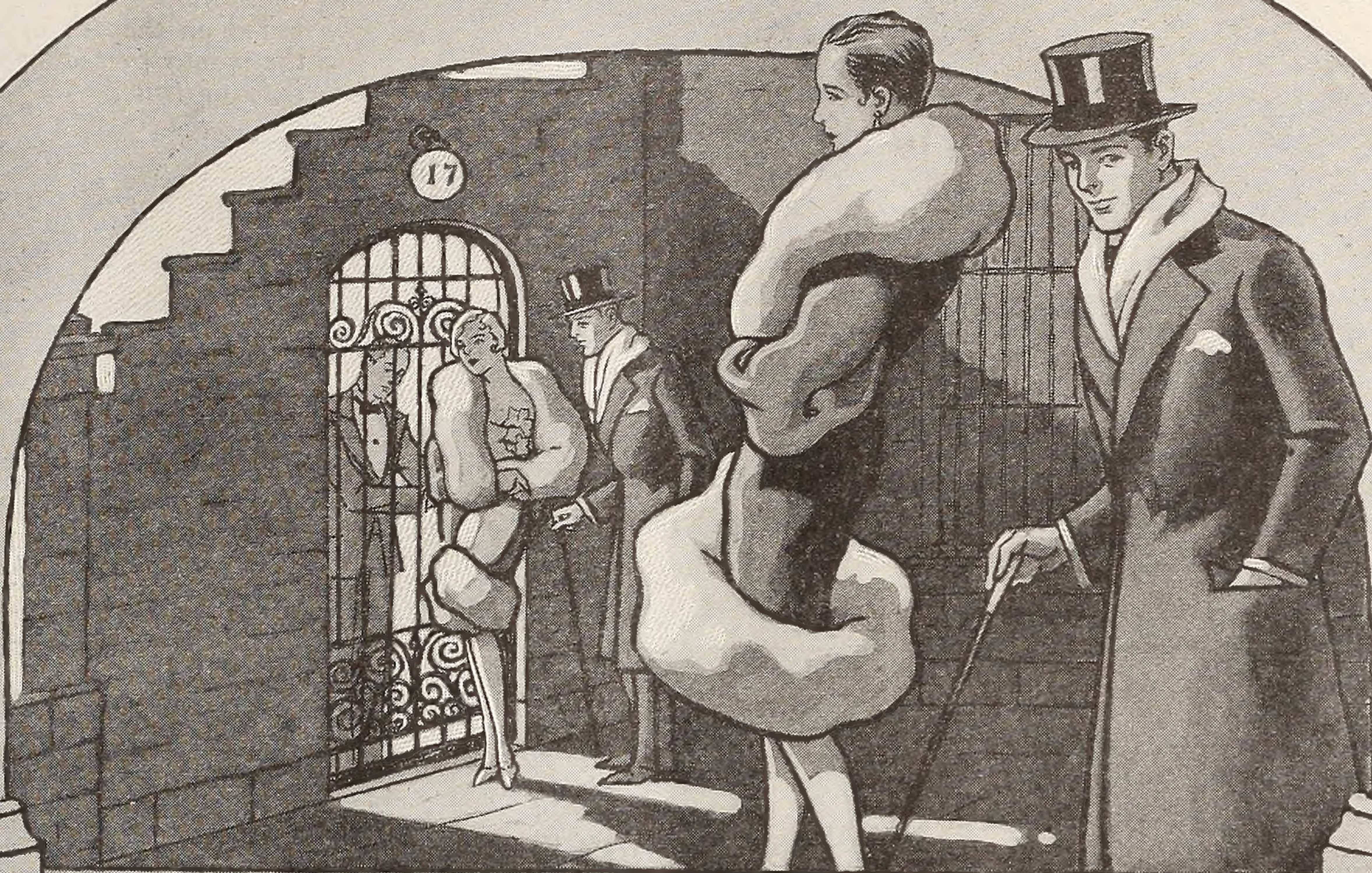
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SPEAKEASY

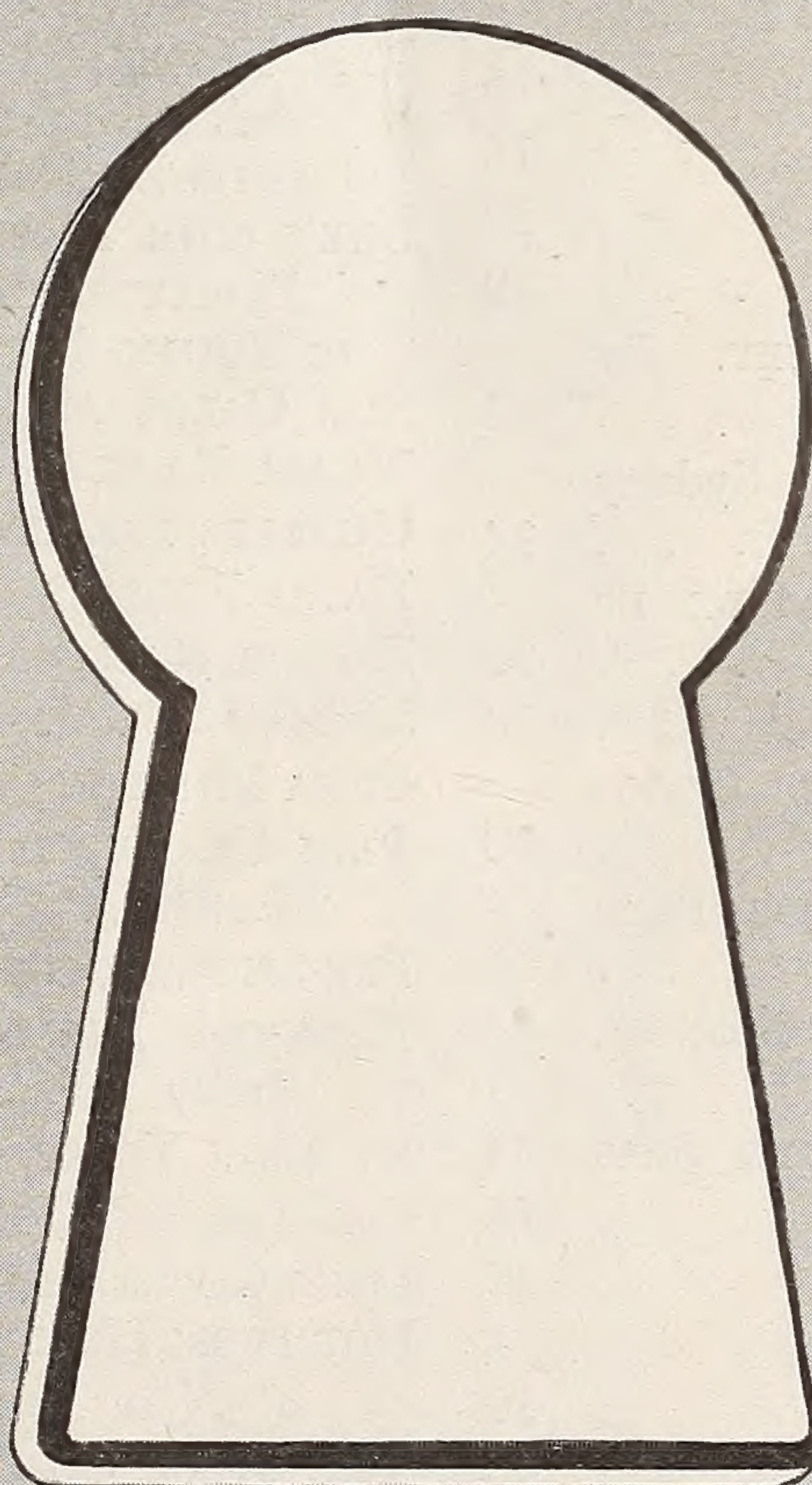
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F
MOVIETONE

X *More than Sound—Life itself!*

☞ Bessie Love, a youthful veteran, is the talk of the picture industry just now because of her work in "The Broadway Melody," in which she dances, sings—and acts.



☞ SCREENLAND is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

SCREENLAND

April, 1929

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
VOL. XVIII, No. 6

Delight Evans, Editor

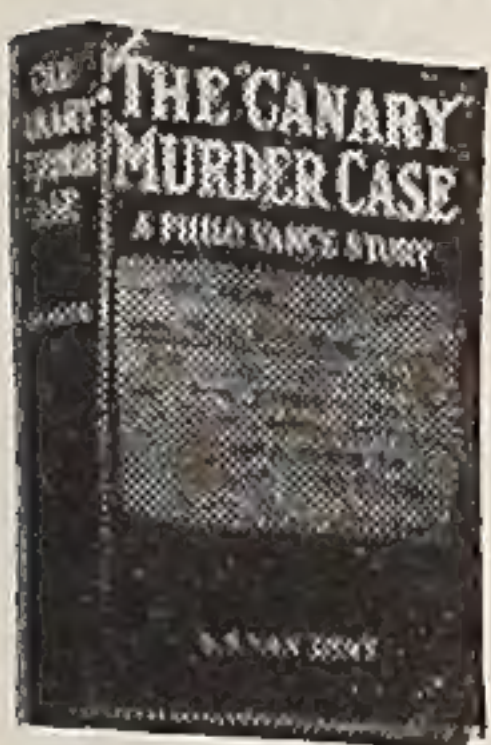
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1 1 1

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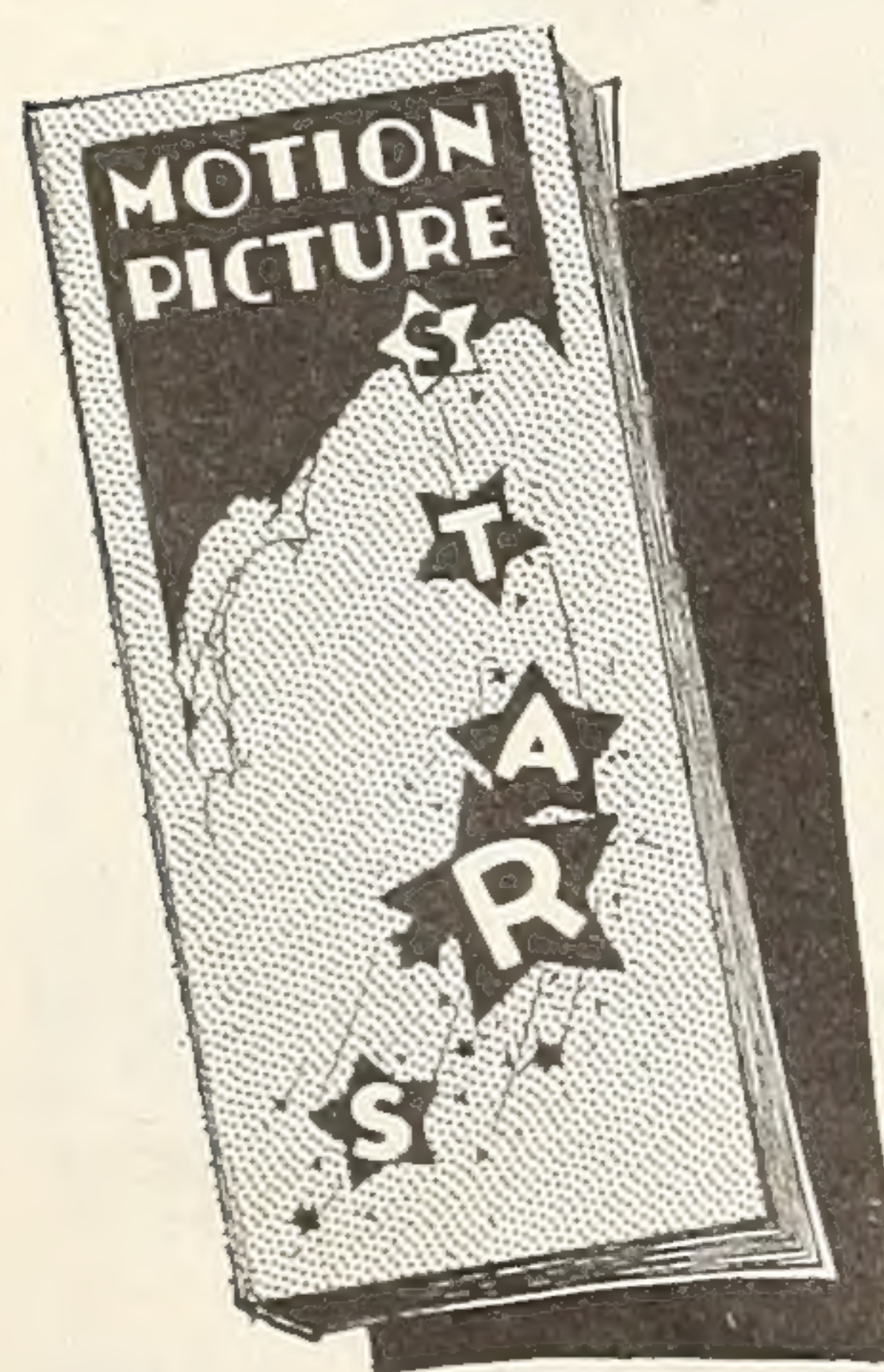
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Introducing Olga Chekova. Doesn't she resemble Pola Negri? Chekova is a Russian who was trained in the Moscow Art Theatre.

Olga makes pictures in Paris and Berlin. Her latest is "Moulin Rouge" which is released over here by World Wide Pictures.

Looking Them Over

A Close-Up of Coming Films

By Evelyn Ballarine

EVERYONE is asking—"What's going to happen to the foreign players now that the talkies have come and conquered?" Yes, what about them—are the talkies eliminating them?

We hear that Lya de Putti left for London to star in "The Informer" for British National Pictures. Dita Parlo was imported from Europe by Paramount and was transported right back again without making even one picture. Pola Negri has already said goodbye to America and is making pictures abroad. Anna May Wong went to Germany, last year, to make one film but her success in that picture resulted in her signing a contract under which she will make a number of films in Germany. Miss Wong also appears in "Piccadilly," the English film starring Gilda Gray. This picture was made in Elstree, the 'Hollywood' of England. We hope Anna May Wong returns soon. She is a good actress and has a charming voice. Eva Von Berne went back to Germany after making only one picture, "Masks of the Devil," in which she played opposite John Gilbert. Eva is with UFA now, we hear. Maria Corda and Conrad Veidt have signed contracts

with UFA to make pictures in Germany. Are the talkies to blame?

On the other hand, Camila Horn is still here, also Lily Damita and Baclanova. Maurice Chevalier came to Paramount from France to make "The Innocents of Paris." According to reports, this picture is a knockout and on the strength of it the Paramount officials signed Chevalier for another year. Bravo, Chevalier! "The Big Pond" is his next picture. Joseph Schenck imported Mona Maris, an Argentine screen celebrity, from Berlin, where she had been featured in pictures. And she doesn't speak a word of English. Olga Chekova, famous Russian actress with World Wide Pictures, has been invited to make pictures here—but she's holding out on us. Like George Bernard Shaw, she hesitates to come to our America. In that respect she is unique as she is the only foreign player who wouldn't fly at the chance, providing, of course, his contract permitted it—(flying, I mean).

Chekova is Russian but lives in Paris and Berlin. She resembles Pola Negri and was once a member of the Moscow Art Theater. She has her own producing com-

The Voice of **VITAPHONE**
brings to you *the living pulse-beat of Paris*~



See and Hear **DOLORES COSTELLO** in
"The **REDEEMING SIN**" with **CONRAD NAGEL**

A WARNER BROS. **VITAPHONE** TALKING PICTURE

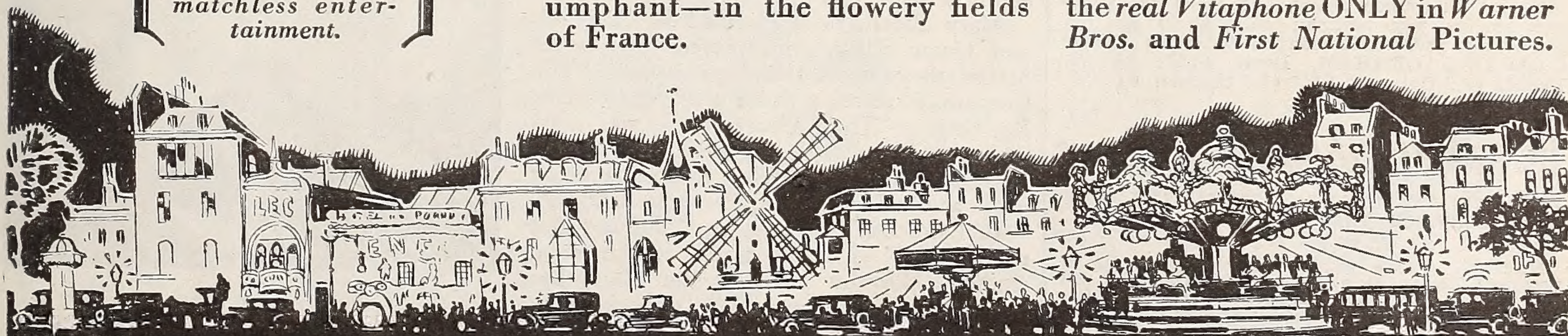
If there is not a theatre in your town equipped as yet to show "The Redeeming Sin" as a Talking Picture, see it as a Silent Picture. Either gives you matchless entertainment.

Vitaphone does it again! Brings to you adorable Dolores Costello—in the crowning achievement of her career—"The Redeeming Sin."

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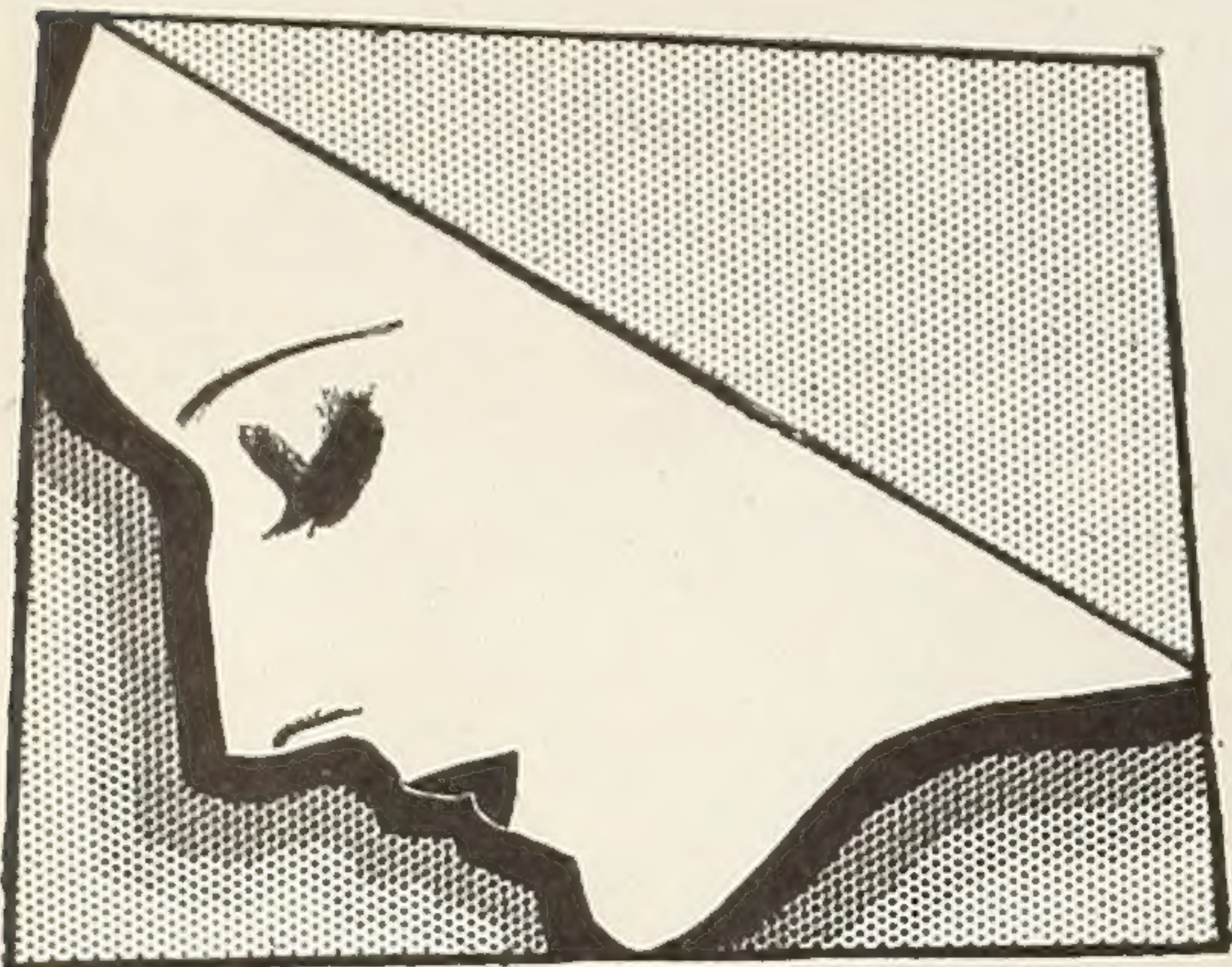
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See and hear Warner Bros. *Vitaphone* Talking Picture—"The Redeeming Sin." And remember—you can hear the real *Vitaphone* ONLY in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures.



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Send me, postage prepaid, an extra-large jar of your new Beauty Secret Creme. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted I understand you guarantee to refund my money.

Name

Address



☞ Irene Bordoni is the latest stage recruit to sign a contract to make talkies. It's signed, sealed and she'll deliver.

pany and perhaps that is the reason she won't accept an American offer. You'll see her in "Moulin Rouge," which is soon to be released here and which is reviewed in "Let's Go to the Movies" in this issue of SCREENLAND.

We also hear that Emil Jannings may return to Germany at the expiration of his contract with Paramount Pictures. We sincerely hope this is just one of those groundless rumors. Jannings is too good a bet to lose and besides, he doesn't need sound accompaniment.

Milton Sills is going to be two other fellows in "Dark Streets," his next picture. By that I mean he plays a dual role for the first time in his screen career and it's the first time a dual role has been attempted in talkies. What's more, he plays both a cop and a crook and besides that Doris Kenyon, his wife, has the lead opposite him.

If the signing of stage players continues at this rate we'll have to revise our list of screen favorites—or at least add to it.

Irene Bordoni, well-known French actress, has signed a contract with First National. Miss Bordoni has the distinction of being the first actress to make an international talkie. This will be possible because she sings in French, Italian, Spanish, and German. Her first production will be built around her piquant personality and will contain musical numbers written especially for her. At present Irene Bordoni is in "Paris," a French farce with music and a Broadway success. She won't be starting on her picture until after the run of her play. Then she will journey out to sunny California and will sing her songs about sunny France.

Mary Eaton, once glorified by Ziegfeld, and Oscar Shaw, who played in pictures before they could talk, are making "The Cocoanuts" starring those very funny Marx Brothers. "The Cocoanuts" was last season's Broadway hit with the Marx Brothers, of course. This picture is being made at the Long Island Paramount Studio.

Richard Dix's first talkie, "Nothing But the Truth," is being made at the same studio. Dorothy Hall, of the stage, has been given the feminine lead opposite Dix. Helen Kane, also of the stage, is featured.

Those of you who like Follies will have a chance to see some soon—for Fox Films is making the "Fox Movietone Follies."

And little Dixie Lee, a practically unknown chorus girl won a choice role in the "Fox Movietone Follies." She was the lucky girl selected out of four hundred applicants because she was pretty and could put over hot songs. And now she has a five year contract with Fox.

Dorothy Burgess is another stage recruit to be given a long-term contract with Fox. She got it because of her splendid work in "In Old Arizona."

Oscar Smith, Negro bootblack at the Paramount studios, is now under contract to that company. You've seen him in a number of Richard Dix pictures. Dix gave him his first picture bit in "Shanghai Bound." He has quite a large role in "The Canary Murder Case," Paramount's mystery-murder talkie. Oscar isn't going to let his picture contract interfere with his bootblack business; he'll continue to shine shoes between pictures. He's no snob! He's known in Hollywood as 'the cute kid.'

Richard Arlen has a new contract with Paramount which means his voice must be good. Good! He is now at work on a talking film of the prize-ring titled "The Man I Love." Mary Brian has the lead opposite him. William Wellman is directing it. This is the fourth Arlen picture that Wellman has directed. "Wings," "Beggars of Life," and "Ladies of the Mob" are the others. They are a good team and we look forward to a very interesting picture.

Rah! Rah! Rah! C-i-n-e-m-a! The movies are going collegiate again. And with our pet pupils. Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Joan Crawford, Alice White, Marceline Day and William Haines.

In "The Duke Steps Out," our wise-cracking boy-friend, Bill Haines, is a college boy. Joan Crawford plays opposite him. While this is a college story the hero is a prize fighter who later goes to college. It is whispered that this is the story of Gene Tunney's life—and speaking of whispers—this is a talkie.

"The Wild Party" has Clara Bow and Marceline Day and a flock of co-eds doing their stuff for dear old alma mater.

"Hot Stuff" is college life with Alice White and others. What others? What does it matter—there's Alice White!



☞ Anna May Wong as she appears in "Show Life," a German picture. Germany borrowed our little Oriental but forgot to return her.

**"Why
BE
Good?"**

**"WHY BE GOOD?"
—When it's so
much more
thrilling to be
bad!**



**"WHY BE GOOD?"
—When you
meet Prince
Charming
who is wise,
wealthy and
wonderful!**

**Does it PAY to
be good or is it
BETTER to
be bad?**



**"WHY BE GOOD?"
—When you
want to im-
press him with
your worldly
wisdom.**



Every picture a "Double
Feature"



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presents*

COLLEEN MOORE

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SHE'S
at it again.
Making hilarious
whoopie! . . . This
daring darling is on
another intriguing tour
into the lands of love and
whoopie . . . This time her excu-
sion is personally conducted by
Cupid . . . She's a shop girl. Seek-
ing sensations. She finds them.
And HOW! . . . Is it BAD to be
good? Or GOOD to be bad?
Colleen demonstrates in this
1929 version of Flaming
Youth...See this exponent
of incandescent youth!
HEAR the hilarity Vita-
phone adds to the whoopie!

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By Carey
Wilson . . .
With Neil
Hamilton.

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Confessions of the Fans

Here's the Fans'-For-'Em—or Forum, as you prefer! It is **YOUR** department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the movies. Send your photograph with your letter so that the other readers may get a glimpse of you. The most entertaining letters will be printed. Address The Fans' Department, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR.

Well,
Well!



Lewis, Robert Armstrong, Conrad Nagel, George Stone, Marian Nixon, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt and Ralph Forbes. But please let's not have any more war pictures. A great many of us are trying to forget.

Sincerely yours,
(MRS.) GERTRUDE M. McDANIEL,
621 Oak St.,
Quincy, Illinois.

DEAR EDITOR:

Although this is my first letter to any screen magazine, I have been a constant reader of them all.

I often wonder why a certain actor is featured when another very plainly steals the picture. For instance, "The Patriot." With all due respect to Emil Jannings, that picture belongs to Lewis Stone. So far as I am concerned, there isn't a better actor on the screen today. And why all this whoopee for John Gilbert? Maybe I'm prejudiced but I'd rather see the old Keystone Cops. I am glad, though, that Conrad Nagel is at last getting the credit he deserves. And Ramon Novarro—I only hope that "The Flying Fleet" is better than some of the other stories they've inflicted on him. I still like his "Scaramouche" the best of all; in fact, I've seen it no less than six times. Now he will be in opera! Here's wishing him all the success in the world.

At one of the theatres the announcement is—"Clara Bow in 'Wings.'" Why? Any one can see that the picture belongs first to Richard Arlen and then to Charles Rogers. There will be an avalanche of criticism on that statement.

I've just read that Greta Garbo has returned to her native land. Glory be! Maybe now we won't have to look at those clinging, slinky love scenes that make one want to crawl under the seats. As I said before, I may be prejudiced. Without a doubt this world could not exist without love—but give us the clean, wholesome love stories. Could anyone wish anything sweeter than Janet Gaynor? However, taking everything into consideration, how many of us would-be critics could do as well as those we criticize?

In the year 1929, please give us more of Charles Farrell, Charles Rogers, Gary Cooper, Dick Barthelmess, Marion Davies, Janet Gaynor, Buster Collier, Jr., George

Attention,
J. Clarence!



KIND EDITOR:

I say "kind" because 'tis truly an editor with a kindly spirit who will listen to the rabble of the General Public, read through hundreds of grumbling and complaining letters, then cheerfully publish the few that are readable! That's what I call a woman!

That man, J. Clarence, of Minneapolis: I agree with him—and I don't! Sounds paradoxical—but he said in the February issue of SCREENLAND, along with the Confessions of other Fans: "Sometimes I think the new talking pictures are swell and sometimes I don't." I agree with him—inasmuch as I do like the new talkies very much; therefore I cannot agree with him during those periods when he doesn't think they are swell! I haven't been hit with the "No-swell-talkies" yet.

That man is way up in Minneapolis where I was born and I'm way down yonder in Georgia—but I'm sure agreeing with these Georgia Crackers on talkies. Why, when Al Jolson smit the town with "The Singing Fool," everyone had a great time! It stayed over two weeks and each performance was jammed and crowded with men, women, children—all coming out with tears streaming, declaring they had just had the best time. Women do have a good time crying, but if it makes 'em happy, let's have some more pictures like that.

I wonder did J. Clarence see Bill Powell deliberately poison Evelyn Brent in "Interference?" Evelyn was kinda dirty

Once We Called Him a Wallflower

Now He's the Best Talker and Most Popular Man in Town

I COULD never figure out what I was wrong with Jim Begley. Knowing him intimately I knew he wasn't the dumb-bell that everybody had him labeled. When alone with me, he was his natural self. On the subject of business, he could sit for hours and tell me how he would like to change things in his company's sales policy. And darn good ideas, they were, too! He could be witty as the best of them. He could discuss politics in a very logical way.

But, oh boy! How he'd close up when in a business conference or when talking to strangers! And socially—what a dud he was! He'd sit back like a clam, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. And one night there occurred an incident that crushed his pride. A girl (whom Jim admired) came up to me and said:—"Say, why don't you leave that wallflower home? He doesn't contribute anything to the fun."

Unluckily for Jim, he was standing close by and overheard every word. When the party broke up, Jim had vanished. I called him up next day but the operator told me he had quit his job. I tried to locate him but was unsuccessful, so I soon dropped him from my mind.

A Chance Encounter

One night about a year later I heard some one calling me from a passing automobile. I turned around and—lo and behold! Here's Jim. Sitting at the wheel of a snappy red sport coupe, dressed like a fashion plate and looking like a million dollars. Observing my astonishment, he winked and said hastily—"All questions answered later, Bill. Meanwhile, let's dine at my club. I've got to address the House Committee."

During the evening I couldn't help but marvel at the change in the man. Gone was the old air of diffidence and bashfulness. He was the lion of the party every minute. He completely dominated the conversation. Once he'd send us into gales of laughter in relating a funny experience he had with an Irish janitor. Next we breathlessly followed him through a description of his ad-

ventures as a doughboy in France. Later he told us about his wonderful position and how he expected to leave for Europe in a few days as a market investigator for his company.

But it was not until we were driving home that he unfolded the most amazing story of all; the explanation of his change from a shy, self-conscious wallflower to a dominating personality. He told how a remarkable new home study training had enabled him to overcome timidity, and stage fright; taught him how to become an interesting, forceful speaker; and how it has shown him a short cut to advancement in business, social popularity, and real success.

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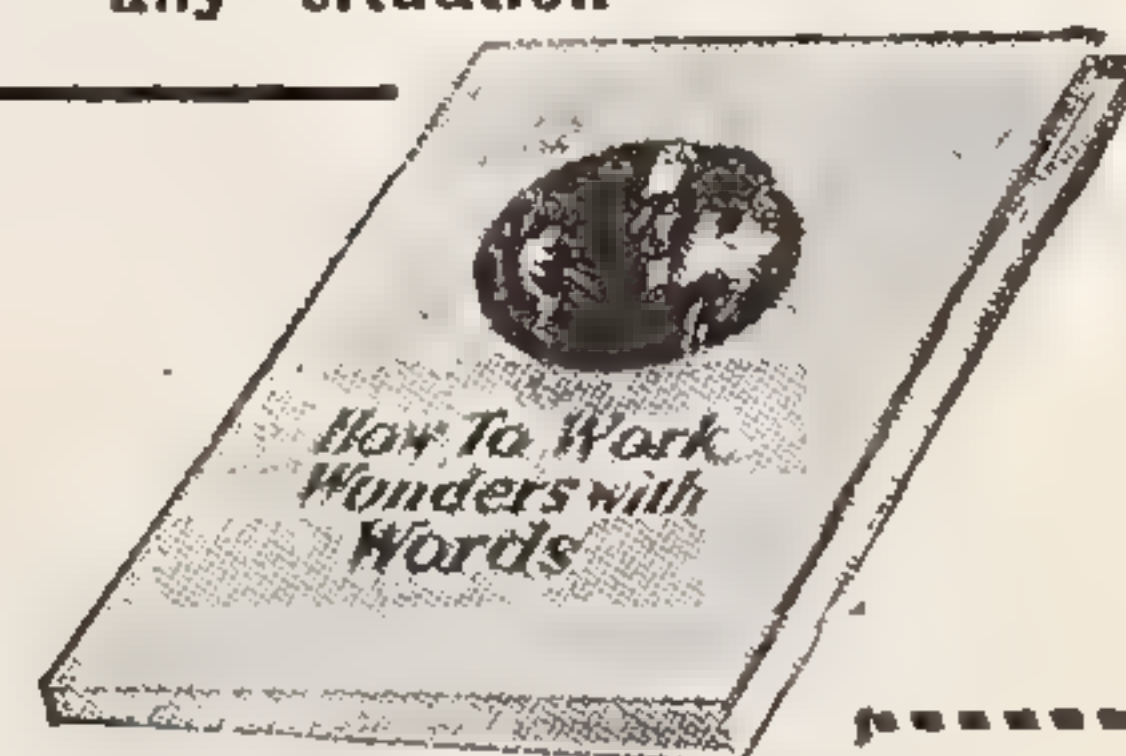
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anyway, tried to cause Doris Kenyon trouble with her husband. No, not Milt; I mean Clive Brook. Well, I don't think J. Clarence, of Minneapolis, would say that wasn't swell, for it was. Evelyn's deep, sultry voice against Bill Powell's gruff "Mmph's."

Why, talkies are only in the making, just being born, and they seem perfect to me now. This time next year we will all be looking back and thinking how simple this year's picture-talkies were.

Down here we are all waiting to hear Will Rogers' gum pop, along with his fire-cracker-remarks; to hear Joan Crawford's heels click together and snap out a tune on a hard-wood floor; to hear Ruth Taylor wheedling some man out of a couple of million; to say nothing of listening to Clara Bow's eyes snapping "Come Hither" and the creaking of Gloria Swanson's hip-bones in "Sadie Thompson," one of her best.

Besides which, I'd like nothing better than to hear Del Rio sing "Ramona." By the way, when will Lupe Velez do some singing for us and execute some of her clever dancing steps in talkies? That girl is a wonder and inasmuch as I do not understand her language anyway, it's all right whatever she says. She could get away with anything.

Have enjoyed reading other fan letters in SCREENLAND, as well as the picture studio remarks, Delight Evans' Reviews, and Miss Vee Dee's page. Some staff SCREENLAND has!

M. DEWEY,
Hotel De Soto,
Savannah, Ga.

For Foreign Favorites



DEAR EDITOR:

First: congratulations to the new Editor and to us, her readers. She is truly a "Delight."

And now for the big howl! Of course, it's the talkies. Everyone in a turmoil; everyone arguing for and against until we hardly know what we want.

There is no doubt about the fact that they are a marvelous invention, and, of course, it was a thrill to see and hear the first talking picture. Conrad Nagel is a thrill all by himself and Dolores Costello—well, no need to say more; so much has been said. The big argument is—do we want to see just these few all the time? It would be like having strawberry shortcake three times a day, throughout the year. What I'm trying to convey is that the talkies are evidently going to be limited to those who can speak properly and either we don't see so many pictures or else we get most awfully fed up.

Have the producers taken any straw votes as to what the fans want? If so, I missed it. There are, of course, the few who write to the various film magazines. But what of the majority who sit back and let the battle rage? All these people have their ideas unexpressed. Those who do not care for talkies are going to stay at home and play bridge or listen to the radio.

Just who will fill up the depleted ranks when they get through sifting out the for-

cign element? A lot of unheard-of young people? Or mediocre stage actors? Can an actor be made in a day? Actors may be born, but like diamonds, I like them polished!

I wonder if in the thrill of this new toy they aren't forgetting some very important facts? Are our theatre patrons 100% Americans? What is the percentage of foreign patronage? It would be interesting to know.

If Vilma Banky wants to say "Ja!" instead of "Yes" let her say it. If Nils Asther wants to say "peoples" and a few other seemingly funny words, it's O. K. with me. With his looks, polish, and ability he can talk Chinese—all I ask is that he keep on being himself. They are going to give him three months to speak English without an accent. What generosity! What a break to give a man who is already a finished actor! It will take some of our people longer than that to learn it—if at all.

They argue that these people would be limited to a few pictures. Does that mean that only Northerners can play Northern parts and Southerners pictures of the old South? For instance Johnnie Mack Brown comes from Alabama, and I'll bet he talks like a Southerner. What would they do with him in a Canadian picture? Don't know about Gary Cooper—but he is from Montana. I'd like to hear him speak 'New York.' It's going to be exciting to hear some of our little Yankees speak like daughters of the old South.

We haven't had many good pictures lately. And now if we can't have Janings (what American can replace him?) Garbo, Banky, Nils Asther and some of the other delightful foreign favorites, pictures will be rather monotonous.

I suppose we must be resigned and take what the producers offer with a smile. But if we have to sit and gaze at the poor acting of some of the replacements, whose only ability is to speak English, I shall learn to knit and stay at home and dream of the past glories of Nils Asther, Garbo, Janings and Vilma Banky.

Sincerely,
GRAYCE M. TETHER,
13136 Indiana Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

Three Cheers for the Talkies



DEAR EDITOR:

Now you might just as well get settled comfy for a nice long story. I have been waiting for this chance an age to tell you and everyone else just what the movies mean to me.

I saw the most wonderful picture—Vilma Banky, in "The Awakening." I have often seen Miss Banky act, but in this picture she does more than act; she lives the picture itself. I cannot express in words just how this picture affected me but it will always be in my mind, deeply impressed.

These new talkies are certainly going over big. Recently I saw "The Barker," starring Milton Sills, one of my favorite stars; and it was 'hotsy totsy.' I admire

PRIZE WINNERS

Columbia Pictures \$5000 Title Contest

We want to thank the thousands upon thousands of picture fans who submitted entries. The ingenuity and cleverness shown by many of the contestants were a revelation . . . Also gratifying was the fact



that a majority of the participants in the contest wrote us that they frequently saw Columbia Pictures on the screen of their local theatres—and that they enjoyed them immensely.

Following Is a Complete List of the Prize Awards, and the Winners:

1st Prize—\$1000.00—Cash

Mrs. Rose Waldstein, 31 Peterboro St., Boston, Mass.

2nd Prize—Chrysler Automobile

A. Seligman, c/o Sheridan Hotel, 1201 Sherman Ave., Chicago, Ill.

3rd Prize—R. C. A. Combination Radiola & Victrola

Charles Alexander, 270 No. 4th St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

4th Prize—Eastman Motion Picture Camera

Mr. Morris Levy, Winwood School, Lake Grove, Long Island, New York.

5th Prize—Electric Victrola, Cadenza Model

Marie H. Isley, 1623 Alaca Place, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

6th Prize—R. C. A. Portable Radiola

Mrs. J. B. Myers, 3323 Memorial Ave., Lynchburg, Va.

7th Prize—Elgin, 17 Jewel, 14kt. Gold Watch

Mrs. L. P. Allred, 209 East Lee Street, Greensboro, North Carolina.

8th Prize—Waltham Wrist Watch

Lillian M. Dow, 975 -- 15th Street, Boulder, Colorado.

9th Prize—Corona Portable Typewriter

Dorothy Gray, 329 Main Street, Greenville, Pa.

25 Prizes—25.00—In Cash

Mrs. O. F. Vinson, Colville, Wash.; Arthur Ivor Sibbring, 613 N. Missouri Ave., Lakeland, Fla.; C. W. McKenzie, 1711 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.; Marad Serriov, Box 801, Palo Alto, Cal.; Basil Wolverton, 251 -- 12th St., Portland, Ore.; Mary C. Harmon, 1160 Oak St., Red Wing, Minn.; Mrs. Bernice Jackson, 520 West Elm St., Ludlow, Ky.; Pearl Hinshaw, Windfall, Ind.; Kathryn La Croix, 3907 E. 39th St., Kansas City, Mo.; Frank McBride, 43 Market St., Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Lee M. Hartwell, 17 E. Cedar Ave., Webster Groves, Mo.; Rosalei A. Hanson, 226 Waller Ave., Lexington, Ky.; Oda E. Fink, Hammond St., Westernport, Md.; Bertha von Hillern, S. Cameron St., Winchester, Va.; Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th Ave., San Francisco, Cal.; Imogen Miller, 1528 North Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.; Kitty Bragg, 1324 Fairmont Ave., Walla Walla, Wash.; Mrs. Francenia Hamilton, Brandon Ave., University, Va.; Gertrude A. Thomas, Tokyo Apts., 125 W. 6th Ave., Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Harry Raphael, 2675 Rochester, Detroit, Mich.; C. Z. Aubuchon, Box 561, Crystal, Mo.; Mrs. C. Michel, 80 Graham St., Jersey City, N. J.; Lillian Bell, 285 Railroad St., Manchester, N. H.; Mr. Herman Livezy, c/o Walt Whitman's House, Mickel St., Camden, N. J.; Miss Lillian Knorr, c/o Knorrwood Farm, 10 Commerce, St., Norwalk, Conn.

50 Honorary Prizes of \$10 in Cash

Mrs. Cecelia Inglis, 138 B St., San Mateo, Cal.; E. F. Dickerson, 219 First Ave., No., Albert Lea, Minn.; Lola Evers, 818 So. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.; Maxwell Lewis, Malvern, Pa.; Mrs. Paul W. Moneymaker, Georgetown, S. C., P. O. Box 608; G. E. Fisher, 421 S. Sherwood, Fort Collins, Colo.; Joe Nauman, St. Helena, Ore., Box 687; Annie J. Talabere, 532 E. Alder St., Walla Walla, Wash.; Alfred G. Brand, Box 186, Culpeper, Va.; Helen Pettit, 240 Locust Ave., Washington, Pa.; Ruth Mildred Brown, 46 Roosevelt Ave., Carteret, N. J.; Mrs. W. A. Moss, 536 Main St., Farmville, Va.; Fannie McIntyre, Dixon, Calif.; Etta Caton, 507 N. Burlington Ave., Hastings, Nebr.; Nellie Halpin, 1199 Greenwood St., Memphis, Tenn.; Mabel F. Conant, 20 Lyndon St., Warren, R. I.; Ernest Swanson, 4123 11th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Frank E. Nodine, 560 N. St., Meadville, Pa.; Young Hutchinson, Box 512, Oxnard, Cal.; David Nowinson, 2056 N. Sawyer Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. A. Oswald, 3907 E. 39th St., Kansas City, Mo.; Margaret Barry, 601 E. Boone Ave., Spokane, Wash.; John H. Doswell, 2310 W. Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Gail Henderson, 444 Clark St., Cambridge, Ohio; Arnold H. Miller, 1528 N. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.; Gladys H. Savange, Seaforth, Ont., Can.; William H. Knauss, R. F. D. No. 2, Whippany, N. J.; Ernest M. Fritz, 339 Hawthorne Ave., Crete, Nebr.; Alice L. White, 1105 E. Main St., Merrill, Wis.; Miss Diana L. Sime, Fennimore, Wis.; Mrs. Vida B.

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Milton Sills and travel far and near to see his pictures. I also saw the talkie "On Trial" with Bert Lytell and Pauline Frederick. It was sad but then later I saw Al Jolson's masterpiece, "The Singing Fool," and to me that was the saddest picture I've witnessed since I saw "Over the Hill" with Mary Carr. In "The Singing Fool" Al puts every bit of his energy into his singing. The songs themselves just make you feel as if you could sob and sob, but of course when one is with the best boy friend you cannot do that! It is the saddest spectacle of human nature that I ever witnessed, either on the screen or off-screen. Three cheers for the talkies, long may they reign!

Sincerely,

MARY A. DOWNES,
56 Linden Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Her Version



DEAR EDITOR:

I have some opinions that just must be set down in black and white, so I make my first visit to your very interesting department.

"The Patriot" was a wonderful film. I'll never forget Jannings' characterization of the mad ruler of Russia—his finest role. Recently I saw him in "Sins of the Fathers." His performance was indifferent compared to his mad Czar. Though, of course, he did some fine work in this later picture.

Speaking of the talkies, I give them my unqualified approval and commendation. They are improving right along and promise to become the greatest educational and beneficial as well as entertaining invention of the day.

"Interference" was good but I thought "On Trial" was better. Of course, the four stars in "Interference" acted superbly.

I can hardly wait to 'see and hear' the sound pictures that are coming. There will undoubtedly be many surprises and disappointments in the voice tests—but it will only mean that actors must perfect themselves in talking as well as acting. These two arts should go hand-in-hand, anyway.

I think I have written my most clamoring-to-be-heard thoughts so I'll just say, 'Here's for better and better talkies'—and quit!

Most sincerely,

CLARICE M. FREEMAN,
518 North Illinois Street,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

On Americanizing Foreign Stars



DEAR EDITOR:

I would like to protest, publicly, against Americanizing foreign stars. Does dressing and stamping them with the Hollywood

brand make them prettier and more charming? Oui! But does it add one whit to their art? No—thousands of No's!

For examples, look to gorgeous Greta, the peerless Pola and vivid Vilma. The most patriotic Yankee must admit they have gained in looks (and It), but have lost in art. The same is true of Jannings, although he has suffered least. Import and make them citizens—but for the sake of cinema don't cover up their old world differentness.

A word about the talkies: I think they are here to stay. I hope so. The native music of "White Shadows of the South Seas" was wonderful. The talking and singing sequences of "Mother Knows Best" were flawless. And who can ever forget the pitiful sobbing of the German soldier in "Four Sons?"

Sincerely,

CATHERINE CRUYSE,
111 Maple Ave., Hamilton, Ont., Can.

He'd Walk a Mile for a Movie



DEAR FELLOW FANS:

I have been asked many times why I go to the movies so often. My answer is varied. For one thing, I live on a farm. That means up in the morning to do the chores until evening and then to bed. Day after day. Seldom any change. It gets very monotonous. But, thank my lucky stars, the movies are just around the corner—I mean, eighteen miles to one movie theatre, a mile to local shows, and I go to Spokane, forty miles away, for a special now and then. And, of course, there are the fan magazines. What a bright spot they are in an otherwise rather dull life.

SCREENLAND is my favorite. I thought the January issue was the finest ever published. I enjoy the reviews; they are reliable in every way.

To me, talking pictures are just a big nuisance. Of course, there are lots of silent pictures and I'm glad of it. I always head for the show that has a silent picture with organ accompaniment. I love pipe organs and the restful quiet of the silent pictures best of all. However, I will admit that the talking, sound, and musical effects of "Wings," "Lilac Time," and "Mother Knows Best" were very entertaining.

I wish some of the fans would write to me, particularly Dix Colbert whom I think ought to be a star himself.

Sincerely yours,

THERALL E. FOURT,
Box 162, Springdale, Washington.

Movies and Fan Magazines Her Meat



DEAR EDITOR:

Ever since I came from Russia, five years ago, I have been an ardent movie fan par-

The Newest Touch of Smartness

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S

Cosmetic Masterpieces

Paris-inspired, created by one who is artist as well as scientist, the cosmetic masterpieces of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are unquestionably the finest in all the world—and the most flattering!

Helena Rubinstein has perfected the one indelible lipstick that gives the lips satin-smoothness and suppleness, as well as lasting color. Helena Rubinstein originated the rouges that not only enhance the skin, but actually protect and benefit it. And back of the marvelous powders that bear her name, is Helena Rubinstein's genius for the blending of colors and textures. On sheer merit the powder creations of Helena Rubinstein maintain absolute supremacy. Know the witchery of make-up, realize the full flower of your loveliness through these world-famed finishing touches. Build your beauty with Helena Rubinstein's Specialized Preparations—enhance your beauty with her inimitable finishing touches. Her creations proclaim her the artist as well as the scientist!



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World-Renowned Beauty Specialist

The Perfect Foundation

Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream. Makes powder and rouge doubly adherent, doubly flattering. 1.00.

A Powder Masterpiece!

Valaze Powder—the most exquisite powder in the world! Fragrant and wonderfully clinging. In the smartest and most becoming shades. 1.00, 1.50.

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Valaze Rouges flatter and protect the skin. Red Raspberry for day time. Red Geranium for evening. Crushed Rose Leaves, the conservative tone. 1.00 to 5.00.

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Cubist Lipstick in two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening, 1.00. Water Lily Lipstick in Red Cardinal and Red Ruby. 1.25.

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Water Lily Compacts in modishly colorful cases. Double, 2.50, 3.00. Single, 2.00, 2.50.

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Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Clear, refine and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—Helena Rubinstein's skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Brace the tissues and tighten the pores with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two-months' supply—with detailed instructions (3.25).

If there are blackheads, conspicuous pores, wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). This unique preparation gently penetrates the pores, ridding them of all impurities. Use this preparation instead of soap.

LONDON

Helena Rubinstein

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Round Out Your Form Make It Beautiful

Today's styles clearly define the bust. Style artists have doomed the ill-fitting, flattening, pressing, tissue-destroying brassieres, and have given women a new charm and beauty with the bust line. Youthforms are the one support that serves two purposes—holding your bust in correct position and giving you that infinite charm of youth.

Youthform's secret is in the elastic band which goes around the body, and the beautiful first quality pink Van Raalte's Swamee Silk forms which holds the busts in shape, removing all weight from them. Doctors and physical culture experts are indorsing Youthforms to correct sagging busts. Thousands praise Youthforms daily for they are comfortable, restful, enjoyable to wear. Not sold in stores because they are made to your individual measure. Order direct.

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for which send me.....Youthforms, size around
body just under bust.....in., size around body
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Be sure to take measurements accurately
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Alluring Skin!

For years, beauty culturists sought a skin vitalizer that would stimulate the deeper tissues—bring out beauty that hides beneath the surface. LACO FACIAL is the result of their research—the most astonishing Skin Food discovery of modern beauty science! Quickly, gently, it clears your skin of blackheads, underskin pimples, blemishes. Leaves it velvet smooth, lily-white. Closes enlarged pores, erases wrinkles, fills out cheeks, tightens sagging muscles, restores healthy color. A few minutes with this nourishing skin food will give you the most youthful, alluring complexion you've ever known! Prove it at our risk! Send no money. **PERFUME FREE**—For limited time only, special offer brings you large size tube LACO and free flask exquisite oriental perfume, both for \$1.00! Just pay postman, plus few cents postage. Money back if not absolutely satisfied.

The Le Aron Co., Dept. K1 Suffolk, Va.

ticularly since the talkies are coming in so strongly.

Being a professional dancer, I am, of course, interested in reading about the stars, as well as seeing them on the screen. Every gesture they make impresses me in such a way as to create a spell of its very own over me.

I am certain that most of the younger generation of today are trying to imitate the ways and motions of their favorite stars. But who can do it? No one except the actresses themselves. They all seem to be blessed with such wonderful taste in clothes, as well as artistic talent.

I know and am convinced that constant attendance at the movies and reading your magazine has done a great deal in helping me with my profession as well as cultivating poise in my every-day existence.

I have heard many people remark that were it not for the movies and the monthly magazines, to which we all look forward so eagerly in order to have something to detract our attention from our troubles, there would be practically no other source to break the monotony of every-day life. I know this applies to me.

When we are in a movie theatre and watch what is on the screen we feel as though we actually live through all that is before our eyes, it is so realistically portrayed. I cannot begin to mention all the pictures that have appealed to me, but I might add that I have enjoyed each one.

Here's to the movies! May they reign forever and ever in their supremacy over every other means of entertainment, for they have truly helped cheer millions.

Sincerely yours,

SONIA BAYLINA,
4875 Park Avenue,
Montreal, Quebec.

**Bravo,
Arlen and
Cooper!**



DEAR EDITOR:

Whoopee! At last I have an opportunity to express my opinions and to boost two movie stars, and to hand a huge bouquet to the talkies.

To the talkies—long may they reign! "The Singing Fool" with the inimitable Al Jolson giving his 'Public' a truly remarkable picture. All the stars' voices registered very well, but little Davy Lee stole the picture, as far as I was concerned.

"Interference" is another great picture, with William Powell stealing that picture! Heretofore, I confess I never liked him—but now? 'Dunt Esk,' with apologies to Milt Gross; I'll be good.

"The Terror," that chilling, spine-tickler, was truly the best talkie I ever saw! And when I arrived home I looked under the bed, in the closet, and even behind my dresser, to be sure "The Terror" hadn't followed me home. I would have that luck!

And now, allow me to dedicate this portion of my letter to the two finest "up and coming" young men of the screen. Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen!

Gary for his success in "Lilac Time" and "The Shopworn Angel," and for his other

splendid roles, always depicting clean, wholesome manhood. There is only one Gary Cooper.

To Richard Arlen for "Wings" and "Manhattan Cocktail." A fine, upright young man. Jobyna Ralston, his sweet wife, has a husband she can be proud of, and even though I may sound conceited, which I most assuredly am not, I'm very proud of my favorites, Gary and Dick, and I want everyone to know it! Good Luck, Gary and Dick!

With all success to SCREENLAND—I never miss an issue of it.

O. O'GORMAN,
2439 Center Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

**A Boost
for
"The Barker"**



DEAR EDITOR:

I want to 'tell the world' that I am delighted with talkies and I thought this would be the best method.

I saw "The Barker" at one of our theatres; it certainly packed them in. And no wonder—it really was a grand picture! I liked Dorothy Mackaill and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., particularly; though I thought Milton Sills and Betty Compson good, too. I liked "Women They Talk About" because my favorite, Irene Rich, was in it.

Movies are a tonic especially for those of us who cannot spend a fortune for entertainment. Besides, they are an education as well.

Sincerely,
MRS. ANN FIALA,
Grand Forks, North Dakota.

**Clara Bow and
Nils Asther—
Speak Up!**



DEAR EDITOR:

I get a real kick out of the talkies. I've just seen and heard Barbara Kent and Glenn Tryon in "Lonesome." I certainly liked that picture! I like Miss Kent's voice; in fact, I 'fell' for it. I received a sure enough thrill when Mr. Tryon talked. And who wouldn't?

I can hardly wait to hear the voices of Clara Bow and Nils Asther. I'm sure there are many other girls who are just as goofy about Nils Asther as I am. In my estimation he equals John Gilbert.

I've been reading SCREENLAND for a long time and I find that it contains the best news of the stars. It beats any other fan magazine published.

Adios, 'til next time!

Yours truly,
ETHEL DENNY,
2921 South Flores,
San Antonio, Texas.

A New Member of Our Club



DEAR EDITOR:

I suppose I am unique in that I have never written to a moving picture star, possess not one single picture of one, nor have ever written to a magazine before, but I have been tempted to write you for some time and now I am giving way to that temptation.

I have just seen "Conquest" for the third time, having been completely fascinated by the performance of H. B. Warner. The entire cast was excellent, but H. B. Warner's superb diction and marvelous voice put him head and shoulders above any other actor in the play. I should like to know why such a splendid personality as his should be subordinated to Monte Blue. I like Monte sometimes, but putting him in a talking picture with a finished actor such as H. B. Warner—well! He rattled off his lines in one breath, with no more expression than a schoolboy, I thought.

In conclusion let me say that talking pictures come as a boon to those who like the theatre but cannot afford to pay the price to see the high class plays which come to their city. Consequently the talkies fill a long-felt want, and I have lost all desire to go to the theatre now that I can see my favorites, H. B. Warner, Conrad Nagel, Pauline Frederick and others, as well as hear them.

Please put me in touch with someone with whom I can exchange praise of H. B. Warner.

Yours faithfully,

MARGARET H. HEINZ,
917 Mutual Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

She Likes 'Em All!



DEAR EDITOR:

I agree with Estelle Carrier, who approves of the talkies, and I think those who see the following pictures will agree with us.

"Interference" was marvelous. "The Singing Fool" brought tears to the eyes. If anyone says this picture isn't the prize picture of the year—well, I guess we just don't agree! "On Trial" is another wonderful example of what the talkies can do. The whole cast was excellent.

"My Man," "Red Hot Speed," "Sal of Singapore," "The River," "The Bellamy Trial," "The Doctor's Secret" are all among the good pictures of this year and everyone a talkie—and a good one.

Let us see more of Gloria Swanson, Olive Borden, Dolores Costello, Philippe de Lacey, and Joan Crawford.

Success to Delight Evans. May she have happiness in her new position.

Sincerely,

LILAC V. RATHBONE,

Hotel Cumberland,

Broadway at 54th St., New York City.

"I warn every woman I employ"

Says the woman Personnel Manager in a large office about this phase of modern feminine hygiene



One unconscious offense which is no longer necessary. This remarkable sanitary pad deodorizes* completely and is superior in comfort features as well as ease of disposability.

IN the world of business, in society, women often find themselves embarrassed at certain times. Sometimes they offend without knowing why. When they learn, miserable self-consciousness follows. Make-shift efforts to counteract the difficulty seldom succeed. Now a discovery made in Kotex Laboratories ends all these fears and worries. Science has discovered a way to counteract a serious offense.

Kotex now deodorizes* completely

Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease-of-mind through this sanitary protection. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely ends all odors. The one remaining hygienic problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. Kotex is easy to adjust to suit your individual needs. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new proc-

ess makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today—45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms, by West Disinfecting Co.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use *plus the greater protection* which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



¶ Warner Baxter, You Have Worked Long and Faithfully in Unimportant Rôles. When Your Big Chance Came, You Were Ready. You are a Sensation "In Old Arizona"—and All Other States! You Deserve All Our Applause.

¶ The applause an actor appreciates most comes in the form of a good contract. Warner Baxter has just received a new one—the William Fox reward of merit for splendid performance.

¶ It tickles us pink to see Warner Baxter succeed in a big way! His is the greatest personal hit of the talkies thus far. After all the arguments about the old-time movie actors being crowded out by the stage folk, along comes Baxter to prove they're wrong. He has been in pictures a long time, winning a modest fame; but it remained for the talkies to usher him into his own.



¶ Warner Baxter wins every woman who watches him in his love scene in "In Old Arizona." The only unconvincing part of this picture is the fact that the fair heroine plays him false. But then she was that kind of a girl!

Screenland



U You won't forget "The Cisco Kid" in a hurry! Baxter has created a real character in this colorful bandit. Warner's success couldn't be greater if he had been a long-heralded Latin from overseas. Wait until you hear him sing his love song "In Old Arizona."

Honor Page

SCREENLAND

April
1929



IS it possible? A man who has never heard of Greta Garbo!

And Sir Joseph Duveen is one of the greatest authorities on Art in the world. He knows his Mona Lisas and other famous examples of beauty. But Greta seems to have escaped him so far. Recently Sir Joseph, noted art critic and art dealer, was defendant in a \$500,000 suit involving the authenticity of an alleged Da Vinci painting. The prosecuting attorney asked him about the merits of Da Vinci's artistic contemporaries: "Do you know Garbo? Perhaps he was the forefather of Greta?" But Sir Joseph only looked mystified—until the counsel asked him specifically if he considered this long dead-and-gone Garbo a good painter. "Oh, he was a good copyist," replied Sir Joseph, on familiar ground.

That's where Greta has the edge on her ancestor, if indeed he was. Our Garbo is nothing if not original.

The talkies are teaching directors new tricks. I was talking to Harry Beaumont, who made that talkie sensation, "The Broadway Melody."

"It's all so new and different," he said. "We're in the experimental stage. But all this talk about a new technique for talkies is a trifle hasty. Why throw away all we have learned in years of silent picture-making? Why not retain the best of the silent technique and incorporate sound as simply and spontaneously

as possible? It's only a question of time, by the way, before all technical imperfections will be eliminated.

"As for the argument of the anti-talkie agitators, that the sound pictures destroy the atmosphere of rest and quiet which made the silent movie such a pleasant relaxation—I sympathize. But I want to call attention to the fact that we are trying to use as much music as possible in the talkies. And listening to music is the greatest of all relaxa-

tions. You'll admit that in a 'legitimate' theatre where a drama is being enacted there is a feeling of tension and strain, due to the audience's determination not to miss a single word. While at a musical play, the audience is stimulated and refreshed. The same thing is true of the talkie. Without music, it is wearing. But think of the hundreds of stories we can use which call for a musical setting of some kind. We must make them so gay, so charming and entertaining that the spectator will be buoyed up rather than worn out."

Here's a new one! The birthday party scene in "The Broadway Melody" went off swiftly and smoothly, every one of the dozen or more players speaking his lines without a hitch—when one actor who had to say, "The Scotchman's favorite song is 'The Best Things in Life are Free,'" slipped up; he left the final 's' off the word 'things.' Beaumont didn't want to have to take the scene over again; so he experimented with his sound technicians. They made various records of the actor uttering the letter 's', selected the best one, and patched that missing 's' onto the word so that you'd never know it was mended!

DELIGHT EVANS,

Editor.

Her Page.



Our Own BABY STARS

*They Haven't
Changed a Bit!*

Look at these pretty babies. Can you recognize your favorites of today in these little ladies and gentlemen of a few years ago? We'll help you. The roguish vamp at the top is Gertrude Olmstead, while the little boy next to her is her present husband, director Robert Leonard. Below Bobby is Richard Dix—at the age of two. Then Joan Crawford—when she was only five. The two sunbonnet babies are Norma Shearer, at two; below, Colleen Moore at three. Bottom, Esther Ralston, a six-year-old child actress; and Reginald Denney, a well-known stage star in London at the age of ten.

Oh!

Oooh!

Umm!

Aw!

Aah!

Ho-

Hum!

Which is the

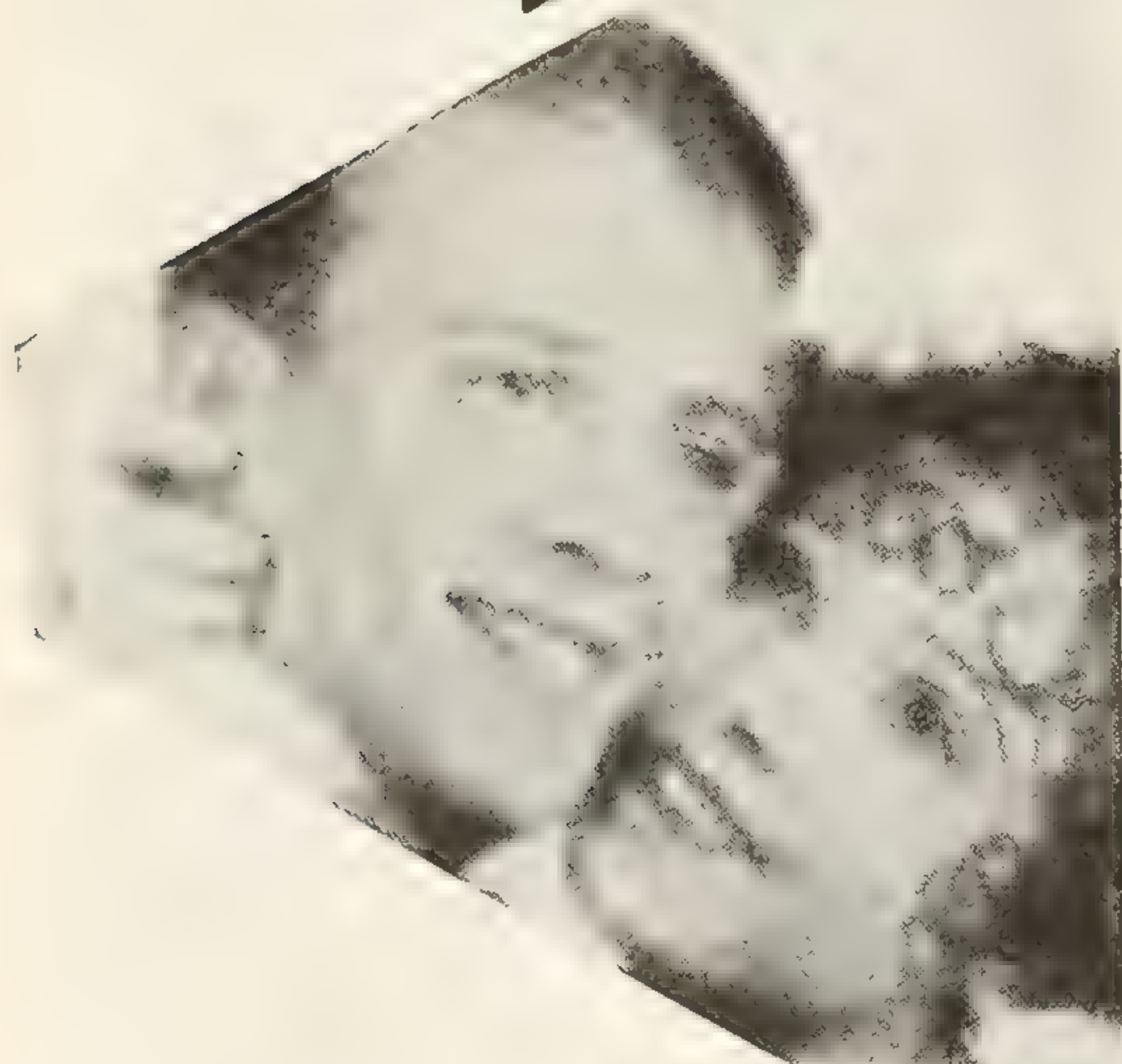
All Photographs
by Q. Pidd



☞ The first kiss (above). Nancy Drexel's closed eyes and puckered lips, Davy Rollins' approach—all perfect. Camera!

☞ SCREENLAND's Art Director was left alone with some love scenes from recent movies. He lost his heart and his head and this is the result. Gaze at these amorous impressions and tell us which is the dangerous age of man?

☞ Judging from appearances, Barry Norton is more than a little that way about Madge Bellamy.



☞ Sue Carol's mind is not on her work—or on Arthur Lake, her accomplice in this affair of purple passion. From private sources we learn that Sue is thinking, and seriously, about Nick Stuart. As for Arthur—what does a high-school sheik think about, anyway? Never mind—don't tell us.



☞ When Charles 'Buddy' Rogers is caught (by the camera) kissing Mary Brian like this, at the right, all the papers next day come out with stories reporting their engagement. Can Buddy help it if his kisses so obviously have honorable intentions?

☞ Scattered around this page are classic examples of the art of Young Love, by experts. Young Love is variously called first, puppy, and platonic. But is it? We would give practically anything to know. It's been so long, we can't remember. And if we asked any of the young persons on this page, they would never speak to us again. After all, some things are sacred.



☞ That Eddie Nugent! Can't he be serious about anything? Apparently not; for even his love scenes, even with Anita Page, are only kidding. Just the same, the merry Nugents of this world have their fan mail, too.

Dangerous Age?



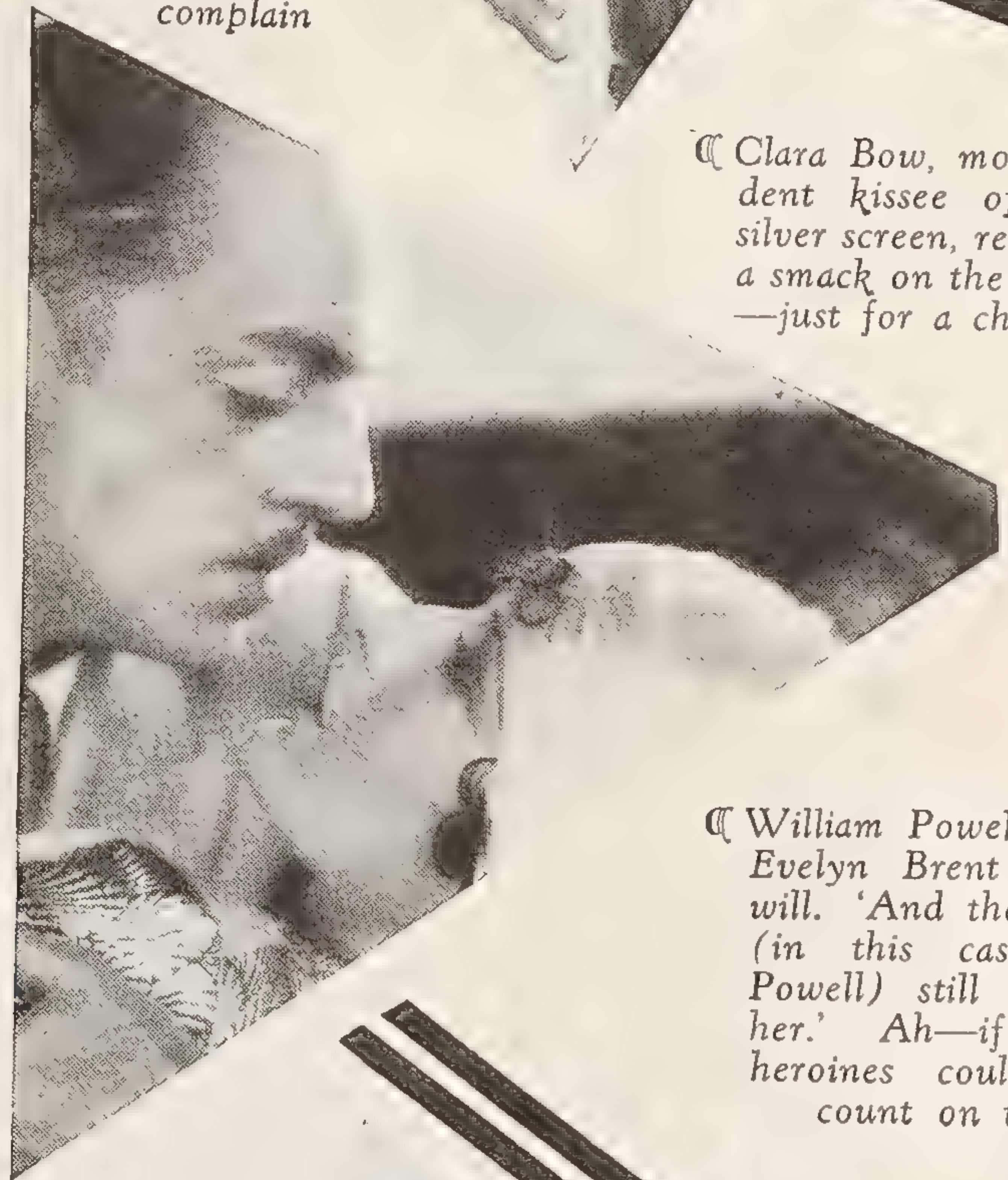
☞ Adolphe Menjou, sophisticate of screen lovers, seems always rather bored with the whole business.



☞ Clive Brook's kisses may look cold but you notice that his fair partners never complain

☞ Clara Bow, most ardent kissee of the silver screen, receives a smack on the brow—just for a change.

☞ This is the question you must answer: no, not a contest this time! What is the best age for lovers—twenty-four, or forty? Look around you and you will see examples of embraces rendered by representatives of both ages—or under, or over, or between. Cold, scientific scrutiny should convince you. What—reeling already?



☞ William Powell bends Evelyn Brent to his will. 'And the villain (in this case, Mr. Powell) still pursued her.' Ah—if movie heroines could only count on that!



☞ Lewis Stone is one of the most suavely successful mature lovers of the jumping gelatines—with sound accompaniment. Mr. Stone's specialty was husband roles until scenes such as this convinced the public that he, too, has his moments.



☞ You great, big masterful man, you! George Bancroft, you had better unhand that woman. Suppose Betty Compson doesn't want to be unhandled? Oh, it's all for a picture, anyway! But has it ever occurred to you that the love scenes on the screen are ever so much more convincing than the love scenes one encounters elsewhere?

What They Do *with their*

How the Stars Make Their Salaries Work for Them.



☞ Rex Lease owns a third interest in a lamp-shade business. Here he is with his partners, Janice and Fred Penney, and one of their products. Rex says it gives one a very comfortable feeling to have a thriving business on the side.

IF you had money to spare what would you do with it? Would you fritter it away on pretties or wild-cat stocks? Would you let some salesman talk you into the world's greatest investment and have it turn out a bottomless pit for your savings? Suppose I give you a peep into some of the snappy things the stars are doing with their spare pennies and maybe you will get an idea from them.

Many of the girls and boys in pictureland have very level heads and feel insecure when they have all their eggs in one basket. The road to stardom is thorny enough; to keep crown and castle once it is won, is harder still. So the players look about for an interest that will give them practical expression and at the same time help them to secure financial independence outside the field of pictures. They make their earned money work for them.

For a brilliant example, let's take Bebe Daniels first. Bebe's mind is far too active, her energy too inexhaustible to be consumed in the making of pictures alone. She would feel one-sided, incomplete, if she couldn't find another outlet for her tremendous vitality. Bebe loves the water and the beach and she thought what a nice thing it would be to build beautiful beach homes for people who loved the seashore as much as she did. So she bought up a lot of beach property and designed the houses that were to be built upon them herself—putting into them all the comforts she enjoys in her own perfectly-managed menage. After she has made



☞ How would you like to live in an apartment building owned and operated by your favorite movie star? This is the Norma Talmadge apartment house at Catalina and Wilshire Boulevards, Los Angeles.



☞ Lloyds of London have put a \$30,000 valuation on Jean Hersholt's library of first editions. Hersholt has picked up bargains in his browsing.

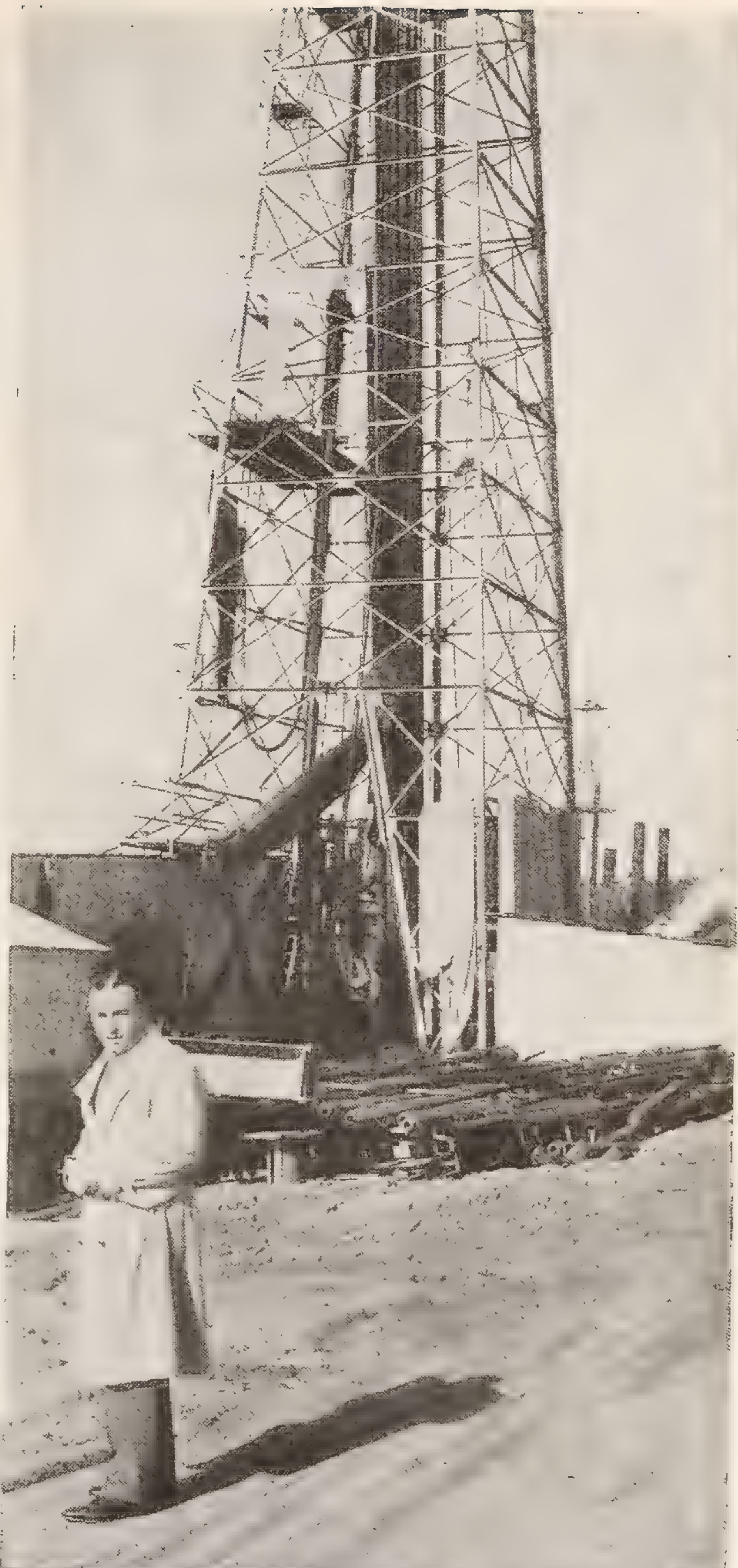
MONEY

By
Helen Ludlam

them beautiful and comfortable and livable she either rents or sells them at a handsome profit. For while Bebe is spoken of as an exceptionally generous girl she believes in value received when the affair is business. She is in business for profit and deals with people who can afford to meet her terms. Her generousities and her charities are quite another matter and those who benefit by them are the more fortunate because Bebe is a good business woman. She is well established in a business she loves almost as much as acting, so Bebe should worry if she never made another picture in her life, as far as money goes.

You would just know that Jean Hersholt would turn to something fine and something constructive. Books! First editions of books, but to make his library valuable he buys up everything he can of the authors in whom he is interested. For instance, he has a complete set of the works of Charles Dickens. They are in pamphlet form, about twenty parts to each volume, making between thirteen and fourteen thousand parts in all. He is now negotiating for two extra volumes which are autographed by the great novelist. Mr. Hersholt has also a complete set of the plays of Ben Jonson, who was such a pal of good old Bill Shakespeare. He has both the 1616 and the 1640 editions of these Jonson plays. He is very proud of his copy of the 1492 edition of the "Nurnberger Chronicle," which is the first book ever published with wood cuts and which he values at \$1,000. Then he has the very rare first editions of "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Scarlet Letter."

Hersholt's possession of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" was a bit of luck. He had not been able to find a copy of the first edition through the usual channels except for a price which he thought far too high. One day he was browsing in a second-hand book shop in San Francisco—and (Cont. on page 111)



(Above: Clara Bow's father's restaurant. Right: Bebe Daniels and her mother in one of the beach houses which Bebe builds and rents. Right, above, Robert Armstrong and his oil well.

MODERN ART

Motion Picture Settings Used to be Synonymous with Bad Taste. Today, the Screen Presents New and Admirable Ideas in Interior Decoration.

THIS is an efficient age. We want our motors fast and capable of smooth, easy riding; our plays interesting, our clothes more comfortable, our radios capable of quality and distance.

Yet the thing that we seem to lack in many of our homes is this same quality. Few of us ask if our homes are really efficient.

For instance, in the usual home, the only two rooms that are completely efficient are the kitchen and the bathroom. How few of us ever realize that the bedroom, living room, and so forth, should perform their functions in the

house as perfectly as the kitchen. We should live in the living room just as well as we cook in the kitchen. But we don't.

We have in the kitchen and bathroom eliminated all the non-essentials—everything that would prevent cooking in the one or bathing in the other. And so, the thing we require today in the living room is the thing that will make this room one hundred percent efficient, too. This can best be defined as a certain definite restfulness—and comfort, of course. By comfort, I mean comfortable chairs, furniture, lights, etc.

☞ You'd never know the old movie swimming pool! Here's Clara Bow about to dive into ultra-modernism. Left: Colleen Moore and Neil Hamilton enact a sweet scene from "Why Be Good" against a late-American door—and note the new floor lamp. Below: Aileen Pringle in a setting designed by Cedric Gibbons, most noted of all screen art directors.



in the MOVIES

*Study the Sets of the Pictures You See and Make
Over Your Own Home in the Modern Manner.*

By Sydney Valentine

As an instance, in a modern interior a plain radio case, with its exposed dials, is certainly better artistically than the bastardized period cabinets in which the instruments are now hidden.

I can as readily imagine putting a modern straight-eight motor in Napoleon's coach. A cabinet designed on modern lines would fit in any period, because it is a thing in itself.

The first consideration in the design of an interior is the mood you wish to express, as it should, primarily, never be looked on as an empty room by itself. In laying out plans for it, we should always imagine our friends

occupying it somewhere in the composition. And as we owe something to our friends, who consider us when they dress in modern clothes, so should we at least provide them with a background not completely out of period.

Roughly speaking, as to furniture, let us say that any intricate carving à la Grindley Gibbons done purely for its own sake, or any squirming design has no place in the modern scheme.

Wall paper, except in the plain oatmeal or grass—or the Chinese papers—has no place. The large realistic flower designs and Spanish leather (Continued on page 109)

“That lovers’ trysting scene in the garden is a movie tradition. These days a modernistic fountain by Paramount gives it a new lease on life. Below: how the little heroine’s boudoir has changed! It’s gone modern like all good movie sets. Right: cabaret scene, new style. The use of modern machinery is an interesting innovation. Boom-boom!”





Ⓐ A movie company on location not so far from Hollywood. This particular spot in California is the only place in the world where these very special cypress trees are to be found.

WHY MUST MOTION PICTURES *Be Made in* HOLLYWOOD?

By Rob Wagner

IF Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford comes to your town promoting a motion picture company, eat his civic applesauce—but don't invest! No doubt he will tell you that your scenery makes Hollywood look like Dismal Swamp, that your Community Players will make Famous Players infamous, that Mamie Gatz, your local Juliet and soda-jerker, has It, and he may even thrill you with a picture of the County Exposition



Ⓐ Not the boardwalk at Atlantic City, but a good imitation right in Hollywood. Norma Shearer and John Mack Brown are the actors.

building turned into a studio, but—be ready with the raspberries!

The truth is, there is only one place in America where motion pictures can profitably be made—if anywhere!—and that's in 'Hollywood'—'Hollywood' meaning the territory within a radius of twenty-five miles of the actual geographical Hollywood. Nor is it only remote towns like yours that have been stung by promotion bunk; even neighboring cities like San



☞ Sufficient desert spaces for any picture may be found a short distance from the film colony.



☞ Below: Hollywood offers an assortment of trysting trees to satisfy even Greta Garbo.

Diego and Santa Barbara contain magnificent but empty studios. True, New York and Florida are perennially attempting to stage comebacks, but after a few months' expensive shooting the picture companies almost invariably go broke, or head for Hollywood. And there's a reason.

This is it:

First, sunshine! Weeks of rain may bring joy to Eastern and mid-West farmers but they spell disaster to picture companies. Southern California can assure them of at least three hundred days of sunshine. Even in the rainy season the rains come mostly at night and it is rare indeed to find three cloudy days in succession.

Second, scenery! True, Florida has almost as much sunshine as Southern California, but it is flat as a pancake and has little environmental variety. Hollywood, on the other hand, is in the center of the most diversified 'locations' to be found anywhere in the world—a great city, small American towns, quaint Spanish villages, New England farms, huge cattle ranches, mountains, forests, romantic streams, harbors, ships, sandy beaches, rock-bound coast lines, canyons, burnt-out deserts—yes, and even snow.

And all these locations within a few hours' travel from Hollywood! On Monday one may shoot 'city stuff' in Los Angeles; on Tuesday get a 'battle-ship scene' at San Diego; on Wednesday grab off the 'Western' stuff in the San Joaquin Valley; on Thursday stage a forest fire up at Big Bear; on Friday get the 'desert sequence' over in sizzling Death Valley, and on Saturday shoot the

'Yukon blizzard stuff' in the High Sierras. One or two of these locations may be found in other parts of the country, but where else in the whole world can they be found bunched together in so circumscribed an area?

"But," Wallingford will tell your Chamber of Commerce, "modern picture companies are depending less and less upon sunshine and outside locations. Most of their stuff is now made within their own studios."

Even if this were true, which it isn't, there are other reasons why it is cheaper to make pictures in Hollywood.

Third, casting! For fifteen years actors have been flocking to Hollywood where they have taken root, own property, and live in their own homes. All of these actors are instantly available. Furthermore, during these same years the casting offices have been

(Cont. on page 108)

JOHN GILBERT

“Ten Years Ago John Gilbert said: ‘I will be one of the most famous stars in motion pictures.’ He Didn’t Believe It himself—but Look at him Now!”



JOHN GILBERT

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

“Gilbert—the man. The artist James Montgomery Flagg has caught all the glamour, the charm, and the inconsistencies of this famous face.”

JOHN GILBERT pounded the table with his fist. His eyes blazed fire and his hands flew in voluble eloquence. As he leaned over the boarding house red-checked dinner cloth his leany jowled face was wreathed in exuberance . . .

“I will be one of the most famous stars in motion pictures.”

The girl to whom this reckless speech was addressed was thrilled. She believed every word of it.

Gilbert, you must remember, was even a good actor ten years ago when he voiced this wild prognostication. In his heart he didn’t have faith in a scrap of his utterances. For at the time he was a complete failure.

Jack failed as an actor; failed as a director; failed as a writer. He even failed to make good when he decided to end his wretchedness in the oblivion of death. He was licked.

Today, strangely enough, Gilbert’s absurd prediction has come true. He stands as an overwhelming success built upon a foundation of dismal failures.

He is one of the six most famous stars in motion pictures.

And his salary is \$10,000 a week!

The new contract that gives Gilbert this staggering remuneration for his services seems to have lifted the final shred of inferiority complex from his brilliant mind. He is a different man. Perhaps the realization of this brash forecast has ironed out the last remaining bump in his roadway of failures.

“I am very happy!” was his exultant reply to congratulatory salutations when he dashed out of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive offices after signing the papers that place him at the head of the ranks of film stars.

And he looked it.

For down in his heart Jack wasn’t any too anxious to step out of the studio in which he experienced his early struggles, his worst failures and his greatest triumphs.

When Gilbert signed his new contract he went back to his dressing-room, shut the door, and sat down to read it to make sure it was not a dream!

Ten years before he walked into the same dressing-room, shut the same door and sat down to cry. He looked into the same mirror that hangs on the wall, cursed the counte-



“Jack’s home on a hill-top—tennis court and everything.”

nance he still sees in it and swore to quit pictures forever.

When he first began to sip the nectar of success, Gilbert was all off balance. He had been a failure so long his head reeled. He was a bundle of nerves. Frankly, he was very hard to get along with and, worst of all, he knew it and permitted himself temperamental indulgences. Directors threw up their hands when they saw him cast in their pictures.

When they began to make “The Merry Widow,” Eric von Stroheim walked over to Gilbert and glowered.

“I am forced to use you in my picture,” the director said. “I do not want you but the decision is not in my hands!”

The picture got under way in a silence that comes before a storm. Three weeks later the thunderbolt crashed. When it was ended and they both came down to earth

—NOW!

¶ *An Intimate Account of a Colorful Character.*

By Ralph Wheeler

they shook hands and vowed to be friends. They are. Jack and King Vidor fought all over the place when they made "Wife of the Centaur" and "Bardelys the Magnificent." Gilbert had been a director and a writer as well as an actor and thought he knew more about all three jobs than Vidor did.

Consequently, Jack said that Vidor was wrong when any problem came up and a new row flared. But Vidor, on the other hand, said—and did—just exactly what he thought best and ignored each and every one of Gilbert's suggestions or demands.

Gilbert came up for "The Big Parade."

Vidor wailed loud and long. They met in Irving Thalberg's office. Like it

or not, they were going to make the picture together and they might just as well get along.

Vidor scowled as he turned to Jack.

"Anything you have to say, say now and keep your mouth shut when we start the picture!" he snapped.

Gilbert offered his hand.

"King, in the pictures we made together, everything I said would be good was rotten and everything you said would be good was good. I will never question your judgment again!"

Then they went out and made the greatest picture of their careers. "The Big Parade" to Gilbert's mind, is and always will be the high spot in his acting life, come

(Cont. on page 110)

¶ *He is gay, moody, reckless, lovable—one of the most interesting and baffling personalities in the whole motion picture world.*



¶ *Gilbert, the great actor of "The Big Parade," is always at war with Gilbert, the popular lover of the studio scenes with Greta Garbo.*



GOING PLACES,

With Grace Kingsley

"I SUPPOSE that the idea of house-warmings," suggested Patsy the Party Hound, "originated in the old Colonial days in this country, when log cabins were the rule and one big fire-place was sufficient. Now William K. Howard and his wife have turned their Spanish bungalow in Bel-Air into an old New England farmhouse."

We were on our way down there, with John Davidson, the New York actor who has lately been giving his excellent voice an airing at the Vitaphone studios.

"Only," Patsy went on, "it will be the old New England farm-house idea with all the modern conveniences. I dare say that neither Bill nor Nan Howard will ever have to break the ice in their pitchers when they arise in the morning. Steam heat will make them all cosy. It was Nan's idea, about the house, and I'll bet it's a lovely place."

The house looked very charming as we approached, with its wide verandas, its lawns, its old-fashioned stone walls surrounding the wide grounds, and the tall trees drooping over the place.

We entered by an old iron gate, rusty and creaking

and picturesque with its ancient scroll work, and we decided that

this was really more Spanish than it was old American, but it fitted into the beauty of the scene very nicely.

We were greeted warmly by our host and hostess, and found a few guests already assembled in front of the big fire-place in the huge living room, the walls of which were supposed to be of pine, knot-holes and all, but lacquered in some fashion to preserve them and give a finished appearance. Comfortable furniture, charming chintzes and window boxes of geraniums carried out the quaint effect.

"Bill never saw the house until it was all finished," explained the director's wife. "He just gave me carte blanche to go ahead and do what I liked with the place. And when he arrived he liked the living room so well that I could hardly get him out of the place even to see his own study and bedroom."

Bebe Daniels, looking radiantly lovely, had arrived with her fiance Ben Lyon, and her mother, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, and said that she was having a nice time vacationing since she finished her Paramount contract.

"I'm just discovering my home," she said gaily. "You see I have been working so hard that I really hardly knew

William K. Howard is a famous director — but everybody calls him 'Bill.'

'Nan' Howard is a charming hostess and a good scout.

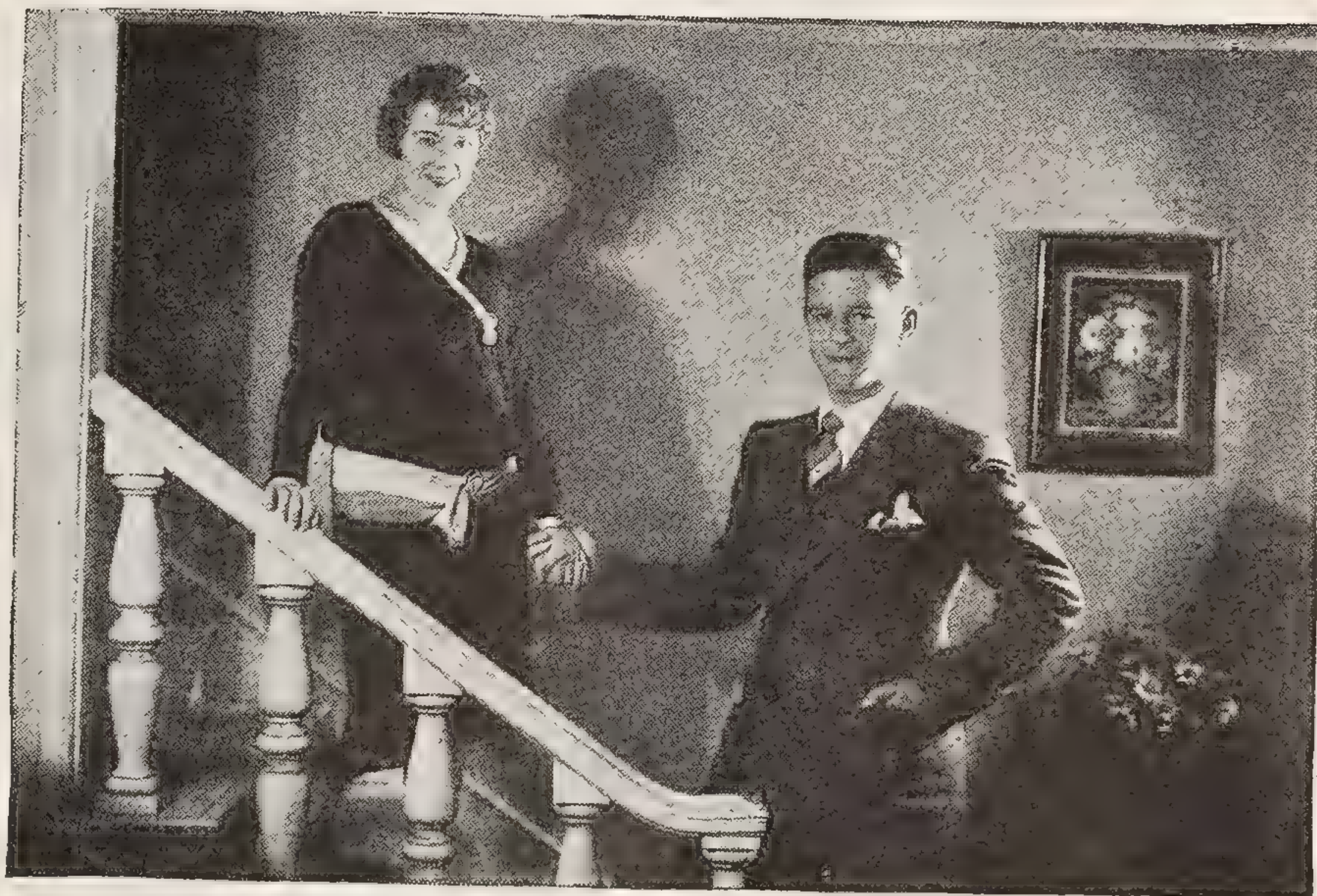
The new home of the William K. Howards in Bel-Air, a smart home site near Hollywood, is a reproduction of an old New England farm house—with all the modern conveniences.



MEETING PEOPLE AND DOING THINGS!



May McAvoy gave a party to announce her engagement to Maurice Cleary, a handsome Irish motion picture executive.



No Hollywood party is complete without Glenn Tryon and his pretty blonde wife, who used to be known in pictures as Lillian Hall. Below: yes—Mabel Normand! Her friends gave her a birthday surprise party with flowers and trimmings. It was just like Mabel to bundle herself and her flowers into her car and make the rounds of the hospitals and orphan asylums, sharing her surprise with others.



Doris Deane and dimples. Doris is Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle. Do you remember 'Fatty'?

what things look like there by daylight. I really discovered the cutest little balcony off the roof that I had hardly known existed. I'm going to turn it into a little retreat where I can go and read and write letters when I feel like being alone."

Warner Baxter and his pretty wife, Winifred Bryson, who is going back into pictures, were there. Winifred was ill for a long time, but looks blooming now.

Julanne Johnston came with a handsome young chap named Tony Joviatt, who is just starting in pictures, and who seemed to be very devoted; and there were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner, Roy Brooks, Myron and David Selznick, and a lot of others.

Janet Gaynor came in soon with her mother, and we wondered how she had managed to ditch her admirers for the day, which was Sunday.

We caught a glimpse of a Rolls-Royce arriving, and presently Harold Lloyd arrived with his wife, Mildred. They had been playing tennis all morning on the big grounds of their home, and had even been teaching their small daughter to hold a racket, although they hope she won't become an enthusiast too soon, for fear she may get hurt with a tennis ball.

Also Mildred said that she had been learning to row on the little stream that runs through the grounds, but that she now longed to get out and row on the ocean, but that Harold was frowning on that idea.

Betty Compson came for a little while, but as she and her husband, James Cruze, were themselves holding open house as is their Sunday custom, she had to run away



Gaynor.

The lights in the living room are duplicates of the old wall lamps, except that of course they have electric bulbs in them; but only a few were turned on, so that the flickering firelight was almost the only light by which we ate our buffet dinners.

"Can you see to find your mouth?" asked Nan Howard of Ben Lyon, who was sitting, Turk fashion on the floor, with his legs curled up under him

soon. Betty was looking particularly pretty in a new sports suit of pale green.

We all sat about the fire and chatted or turned on the radio and danced. Bebe and

Ben danced together, and Janet Gaynor and Roy Brooks.

Naturally all the women wanted to inspect the house, and Patsy and Julanne Johnston 'chose' rooms like a pair of kids.

"This room is mine!" announced Julanne, as we entered Mrs. Howard's lovely boudoir, with its wide windows looking off toward the mountains, its pretty dainty furniture and its window boxes of bright flowers.

Down on the grounds we could see the place where the swimming pool is going to be when the place is completely finished.

"Only of course," remarked Bebe, "you cannot call it the swimming pool in an old New England place. You must call it the ol' swimmin' hole."

The Howards have Filipino servants, and Filipino food was served.

"But I hope," remarked John Davidson soto voce, "not dog in any form."

"Not even hot dogs?" inquired Janet

(Cont. on page 90)

Richard Dix's Good Luck Elephant

For the Best Letter

Some connoisseur among fans will win this lovely piece of pure carnelian, exquisitely carved, for writing the best answer to the question: Is Richard Dix at his best in light comedy, or should he always play dramatic roles such as "Redskin?"



Richard collects elephants. His favorite of them all is this beautiful little carnelian objet d'art which he is holding in the picture above, and which you see on the table beside him, below. He wants one of his fan friends to win it.

RICHARD DIX isn't superstitious—not a bit of it. But he does like to collect elephants; and he does prefer those elephants with their trunks up, for tradition has it that that means "Good luck!" The star has elephants of all shapes and carvings and sizes; but his favorite is a little fellow of the best shade of carnelian. The elephant Dix is offering to a fan is exactly the same as his own pet. Write the best—that is, the cleverest letter answering Dix's question, and you'll win the gift. Address: Richard Dix, SCREENLAND Contest Department, 49 West 45th Street, N. Y. C. Contest closes April 10, 1929.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

EMIL JANNINGS in *"Betrayal"*

Casting Those Shadows *in the* South Seas



Q Something happens to us Nordics when we gaze on such scenes as these. We want to be tropical! Having once read a book called 'White Shadows in the South Seas,' and having once seen a canvas by Gauguin, we feel that South Sea urge creeping in on us. Something seems to tell us that, although we have always taken ample precautions against sunburn and insect-bite on those occasions when we fare forth to summer beaches, still we have it in us to be awfully, awfully primitive when properly inspired!



Q Perhaps it is just as well, though, that the inspiration which Ramon Novarro and other talented actors are letting our fancies run riot. Dorothy Janis, in the South

Remember Novarro in "Where the Pavement Ends?" It was one of his best pictures. Perhaps "The Pagan" affords him equal opportunity to go artistically native.

Ramon Novarro and Company Travel to Tabiti to Capture Tropic Charm



ration comes through pictures like "The Pagan" in troupers do all the work while we loll in the loges doing the Narcissus above, plays the little heroine Sea Romance.



Gene Robert Richee

CLARA BOW, the Crown Princess of Pictures. You'll hear her voice, complete with sex appeal, in "The Wild Party."



Elmer Fryer

OF course, Grant Withers is grinning. And why not? He is the lucky young man chosen to play opposite Dolores Costello.



Gene Robert Richee

HE says he doesn't like to be called 'Buddy' but what can he do about it? Charles Rogers is Buddy to a billion girl-friends.



Gene Robert Richee

A BARRIE heroine on the stage, Ruth Chatterton should feel right at home on the screen in a Barrie talking picture-play.

Conscience With a Kick!

*Alice White's New Contract
Contains a 'Conscience Clause.'*

YOU have heard of Sweet Alice-Ben-Bolt and Alice Through the Looking-Glass. Why worry about them? Here's Alice White! The little red-head who rose from studio script-girl to star is always good news. The other day she signed a new First National contract containing a conscience clause which states that Miss White shall 'follow the dictates of her conscience in private, personal and public life and conduct.' To quote from this contract: 'Artist agrees that in every instance in which she may have done anything or committed any act in violation of the dictates of her conscience, the same shall be considered a default hereunder, and the Artist shall forthwith report the same to Producer and take such steps as may be prescribed by Producer to cure said default and re-establish Artist in good standing with her conscience and at peace with her better self. Well, well!

¶ Her conscience-clause contract is no reflection on Alice—the double exposure below notwithstanding.



¶ She is the Exhibitors' Pet. Came stardom—and now a new Vitaphone-First National film is "Hot Stuff," with Alice in the title role.



ALICE WHITE

Offers

\$500.00

IN PRIZES

for Theme Song!

First Prize - - - \$250.00

Second Prize - - - 150.00

Third Prize - - - 100.00

THIS is the day of the Theme Song! Motion pictures are being written, acted, produced around theme songs. The wags are calling Hollywood 'Theme Song City.' The public has proved it likes theme songs with its movies. And it's a poor feature picture these Vitaphone days that can't boast a song written especially for it and played or sung preferably by the hero or the heroine.

Of course you remember *Jeannine I Dream of Lilac Time*, the theme song of Colleen Moore's "Lilac Time." And, before that, *Ramona* and *Angela Mia*. These were all theme songs. But now the films have gone a step further and in "The Singing Fool" Al Jolson himself sings the hit song of the show, *Sonny Boy*. In "Weary River" Richard Barthelmess plays and sings the theme song *Weary River*. And if you saw "Show Girl" you'll begin to hum one of the songs especially written for Alice White for that picture—*Show Girl*, or *Buy, Buy for Baby*.

Alice is one of the most modern stars on the screen. She personifies pep—verve—dash—deviltry. She doesn't keep up with the times—she's 'way ahead of them! She's the Girl of Tomorrow. And it is Alice who wants a theme song for her forthcoming production, "Broadway Babies." It occurred to Alice that among the motion picture audiences there must be many embryo Irving Berlins with corking ideas for popular songs adaptable to movie theme song requirements. She wants to find them! In other words, Alice White wants the best lyrics—one verse and a chorus—that will lend themselves to a musical setting for "Broadway Babies." Not the music—just the lyrics! Sounds easy! But it requires cleverness—study—a fresh, modern style—and a knowledge of what a motion picture theme song requires. And that is—

A snappy, appealing title—for one thing. Plenty of pep for another. Spontaneity—and, above all, originality. Your theme song must suit Alice White's vivid personality. It must be sparkling—spirited. It must be worthy of the charms of the modern girl as portrayed by Miss White. It must be gay and it must be young!

To aid you in your efforts of composing the lyrics here



☞ Alice White, the First National baby star of such amusing movies as "Show Girl," "Naughty Baby," and "Hot Stuff," hopes to discover a new song-writer through her SCREENLAND Theme Song Contest.

is a copy of the lyrics of *Buy, Buy for Baby* from "Show Girl."

There's a pretty girl I know,	Buy, buy some hatsies,
When she meets a Romeo,	Buy, buy—or baby's through;
She always asks about his	Buy, buy, get reckless,
credit,	Buy, buy, a necklace
I said it.	Or I will bye bye you.
When he says her eyes are	Last time we went shopping it
blue,	was all C. O. D.
She says: "Dearie, I am too,	C. O. D.'s the way you're
I can't endure it,	goin' to get love from me—
But you can cure it."	Buy, buy—for baby,
CHORUS	Buy, buy—or maybe
Buy, buy some shoesies,	Baby will bye bye you!

Anyone may enter this theme song contest except members of the staff of SCREENLAND Magazine and of First National Pictures. The judges will be Alice White, First National star; and Nathaniel Shilkret, the well-known composer, who is responsible for many popular song successes and an expert on musical scores for motion pictures. Mr. Shilkret wrote *Jeannine I Dream of Lilac Time*.

Address:—ALICE WHITE

SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes April 10, 1929



☞ A little thing like a broken foot couldn't handicap a director like Edwin Carewe. He kept right on shooting. Beside him is Evangeline (Dolores Del Rio); kneeling is Baptiste (Donald Reed); while standing is Benedict (Paul McAllister).



☞ An entire village was built "Evangeline." It cost

On Location with

How They Filmed "Evangeline"

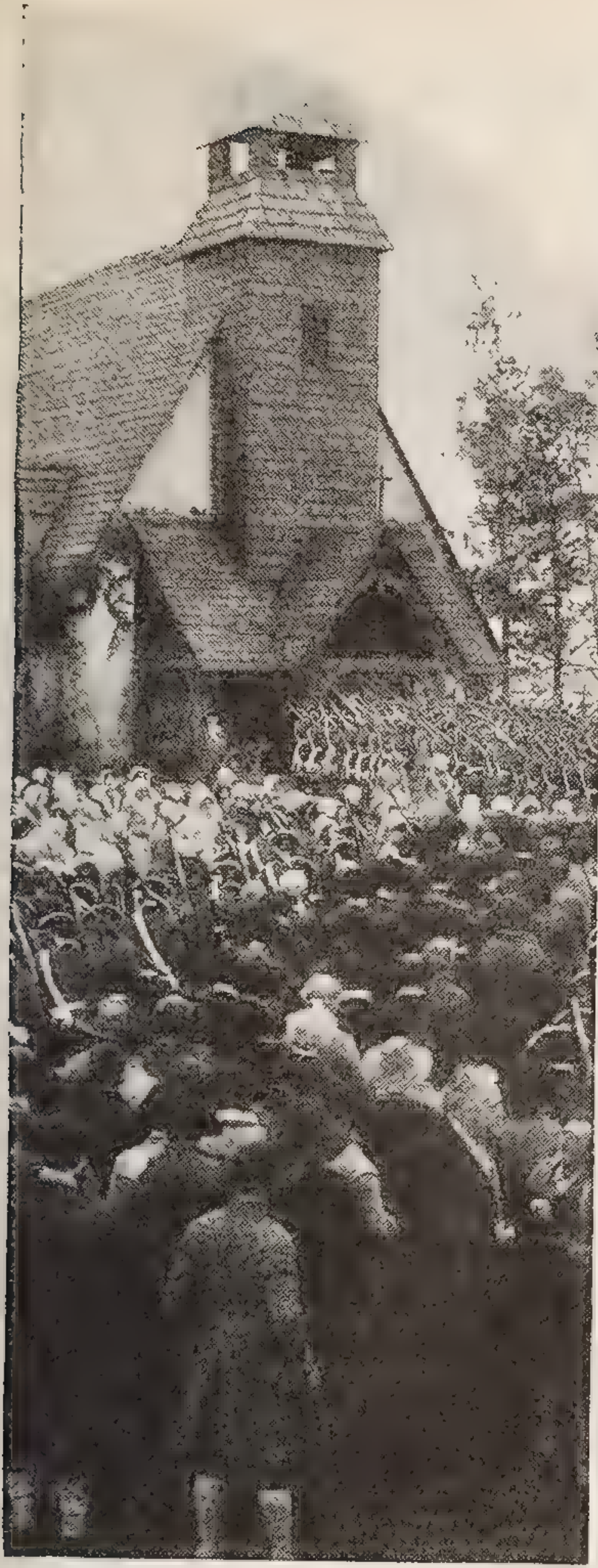
WHEN I said I was going on location to Carmel everyone exclaimed, "Oh, that's where Aimee was!" Meaning that admirable show-woman, Aimee Semple McPherson. Alas for fame! The beauty, the quaintness, the preciousness of that little town—none of these were thought of first; just, "Oh, that's where Aimee was!"

Well, it is a night's journey to Carmel, the location selected by Edwin Carewe and his two brothers, Finis and Wallace Fox, for the taking of the Grand Pre sequences of "Evangeline," starring Dolores Del Rio.

The scenery one finds there is no more like California than Florida is like New York. It looks Canadian, sure enough. There are the rugged, wave-tossed rocks; swirling, angry, brittle waters that lick and leap upon the jagged crags like the arms of a triumphant woman. The shore is barren except for innumerable cypress trees—one is dead, and its naked branches rise like ghostly sentinels against the dark green of its living fellows. Behind are groves of giant pines that sigh and moan as though they had a tale to tell if they could but speak.



☞ The Carewe-Del Rio Company journeyed on location enough to convince any stickler for realism. "Evangeline."



at Carmel, California, for \$60,000—and looks real.

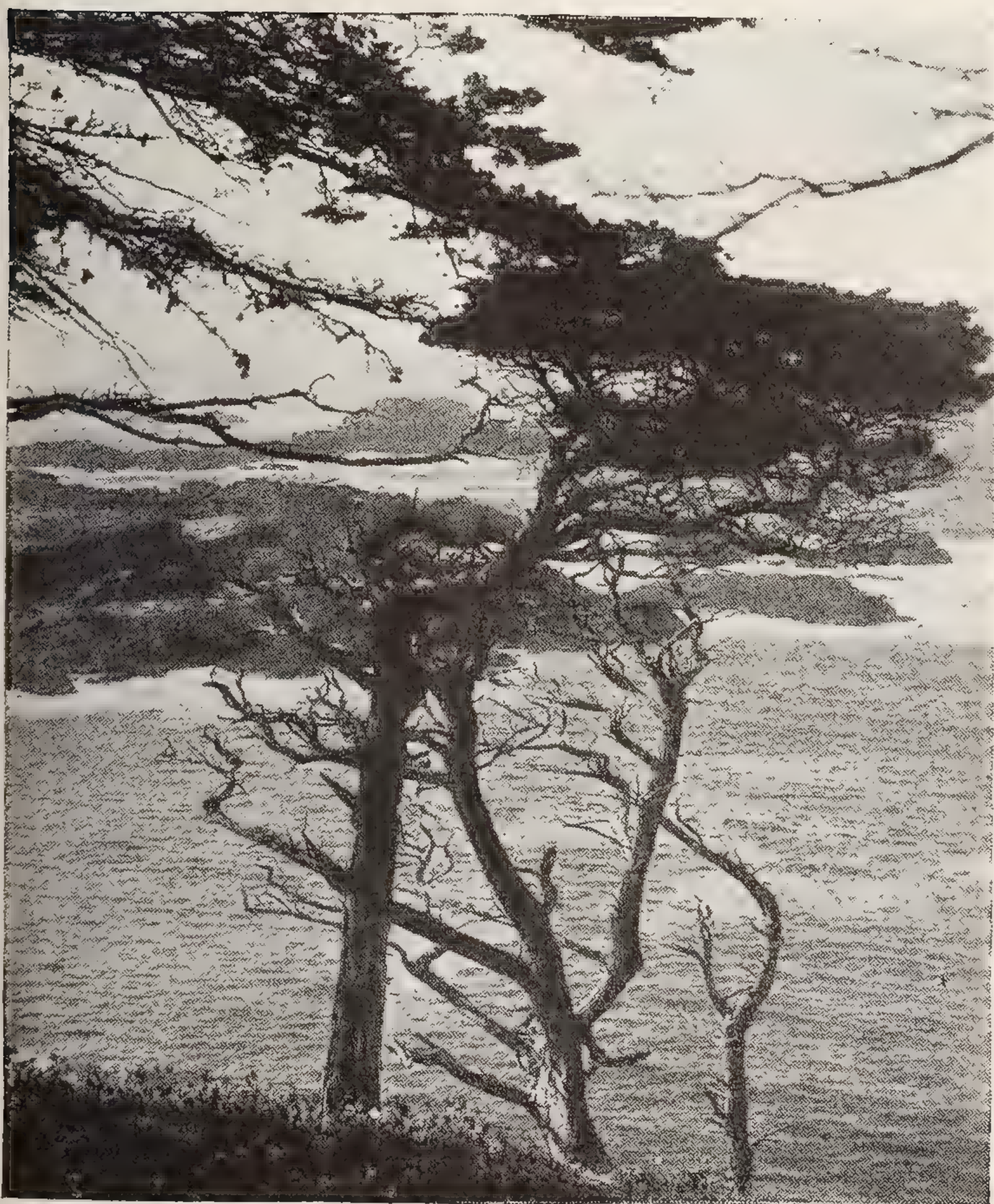


“*Evangeline*” should be a great picture! It is filled with scenes as lovely as this. Dolores is an ideal heroine, and Roland Drew lends romance to the role of Gabriel. Longfellow’s classic will reach the screen in all its original beauty.

Dolores Del Rio

By Helen Ludlam

SCREENLAND’S LOCATION LADY



to Carmel, California, where the scenery looks Canadian line” has been enacted against picturesque backgrounds.

I was met at the station by John LeRoy Johnston, director of publicity for the Carewe Productions. It was a six-mile spin through the village of Carmel to the Highlands Inn where a company of sixty had been maintained for more than three weeks. And when I saw that Inn I gave three cheers for the movie company wise enough to select Carmel for a location.

It is on a promontory of 250 feet approached by a terraced road and surrounded by all kinds of wild flowers. The large foyer with huge fireplaces at either end is amply supplied with windows ten feet wide that overlook the rocky shore and tiny islands over which seals cavort and dive into a sea that stretches its blue-green width toward Japan. It is a perfectly gorgeous sight! Moreover, the beds at that Inn were one hundred percent comfortable and the blankets real wool, soft and very warm.

Work starts at sun-up on all the locations I have previously reported but rules are made to be broken and this company was the exception that proves the rule. At eight o’clock Mr. Carewe was just leaving the Inn. He was on crutches, having broken two small (Cont. on page 104)



“Marriage is as natural as breathing,” says Lois Wilson.
“There is no such thing as platonic friendship between the opposite sexes.”

I BELIEVE in marriage. Marriage is as natural as breathing. Neither man nor woman—nor movie star—is complete without it!”

This from Lois Wilson, very lovely and very earnest, Hollywood’s favorite unattached maiden.

“Oh yes, one should be married. You may love your family but the marriage relationship is so intimate, so tender, nothing can take its place; and in the course of nature, you’re bound to lose your parents and then—if you’re still single—the desperate loneliness!

Should

*“Yes!” says Lois Wilson,
Hollywood’s Favorite
Bachelor Maid.*

“Nice mothers bring up their daughters with matrimony as an accepted and thoroughly planted idea. I know mine did and all my sisters are married and happily, too. Mother taught us that marrying for wealth was the hardest kind of a way to earn one’s living. Love and love alone was right.”

Lois chuckled over Eddie Horton’s notion that women weren’t matchmakers.

“Of course they are,” she asserted, tossing the soft golden-brown curls of her becoming long bob. “The right kind of women are all matchmakers. I adore matching people myself—I’m a regular cupid. I’m responsible for May McAvoy’s romance. I tell her I’m entitled to twenty per cent of the gross receipts. May is my best friend and Maurice Cleary appealed to me as a mighty fine man. They were so exactly suited to one another that I brought them together; then I listened to May’s confidences and judiciously praised Maurice and listened to Maurice and lauded May and—there you are!

“Eddie is so intensely in earnest about his career, acting means so much to him. He may imagine his women friends are not planning his downfall but that just proves how little he knows about women.

“There is no such thing as platonic friendship between the opposite sexes. You can be friends for a certain length of time but sooner or later one or the other begins to feel something more tender creeping in.”

The question about the blessedness of the single state was attacked with zeal by the lovely bachelor maid.

“The advantages are more than overshadowed by the disadvantages. I should say twenty-five per cent for and seventy-five per cent against. Single people prate about their liberty, freedom and independence. Who wouldn’t prefer the chains of love with its blessed privilege of shared joys and sorrows?

“I think if you’re lucky enough to have escaped matrimony until after twenty-five, you have the best chance of making a success of it. If you’re ever going to have any judgment, it’s formed by then.”

Miss Wilson firmly contends that our country’s marriage laws should be remade.

“They’re all in favor of women,” she declared, hotly, a crusader’s fire lighting her beautiful brown eyes.

“There ought to be a league to protect men, poor dears.

They’re so gullible. Nine out of ten men fall for the clinging vine type of girl. They’ll come running to any little thing with a baby stare and a helpless look and a lisped ‘What s’all I do, big man?’, turning from the truly feminine girl who really needs his protection but who so far forgot herself as to display a bit of independence.

“You see a man’s nature cries out for the feminine woman but it’s so hard for him to detect the dross from the gold. He can be taken in by any clever little gold digger, only to find after the

(Continued on page 100)

Movie Stars Marry?

*"Not this movie star!"
says Eddie Horton, Bachelor—and proud of it.*

*Reported by
Ruth Tildesley*

"I'M a selfish, crabby, nasty old bachelor and that's how I'll stay until the end of the chapter!"

Edward Everett Horton, one of Hollywood's most sought-after single men, speaking!

It's not that Eddie (as he is affectionately called) doesn't love the ladies—women are all lovable, he says; but he is so wrapped up in his stage and screen work, so intensely interested in it, that it would take a superwoman to jolt him out of it long enough for the trip to Hymen's altar.

Eddie's aversion to matrimony may be partly explained by his severe New England bringing up.

"I was a boy in the gay nineties, remember, when there was a strange complex about women," he tells you, his blue eyes twinkling. "Mothers kept warning their sons away from the girls. 'Be careful, she'll get you!' they'd whisper, as if a pretty woman was a disease.

"Even the songs of that generation taught that marriage was a trap—something to be avoided as long as possible. Man friends would say sadly to one another: 'Well, old man, did she land you? Too bad. No more fun for you. Come to the club for one last fling.'

"If any mother so far forgot herself as to encourage her son's matrimonial ambitions, it was always: 'Pick a good girl, Johnnie, and settle down.' Ominous words. *Settle down.* Give up freedom and put your nose to the grindstone. Not the way it should be—fall in love and marry because you want to share all the joy and fun and happiness of life with the best beloved.

"The modern generation of bachelors regard marriage in an entirely different light. They go into gaily and out of it just as lightly."

This lean, six-foot, brown-haired proponent of bachelorhood lives on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley with a Filipino man to look after his material wants and two jolly dogs—Pal and Bill—to welcome him home. The old adage about the quickest road to a man's heart leading through his tummy won't work at all in Eddie's case as he prides himself on his cooking. He knows more about the art of cookery than all of his feminine friends put together.

He adores children but his married sister has three and his married brother three more—all of whom Eddie is at liberty to borrow whenever he likes.

Just one slight hint to aspiring females fell from Mr. Horton's lips. There's no guarantee that it will work—but here it is for what it's worth.

"I have no vanity as an actor and I don't regard myself as essentially vain." His sensitive fingers nervously folded and refolded the script of his newest Christie talker while his longing eyes eagerly regarded the little group of players waiting for rehearsal at his Hollywood theatre. You could see he was on tiptoes to join them.

"Yet, I have noticed this," he (Cont. on page 112)

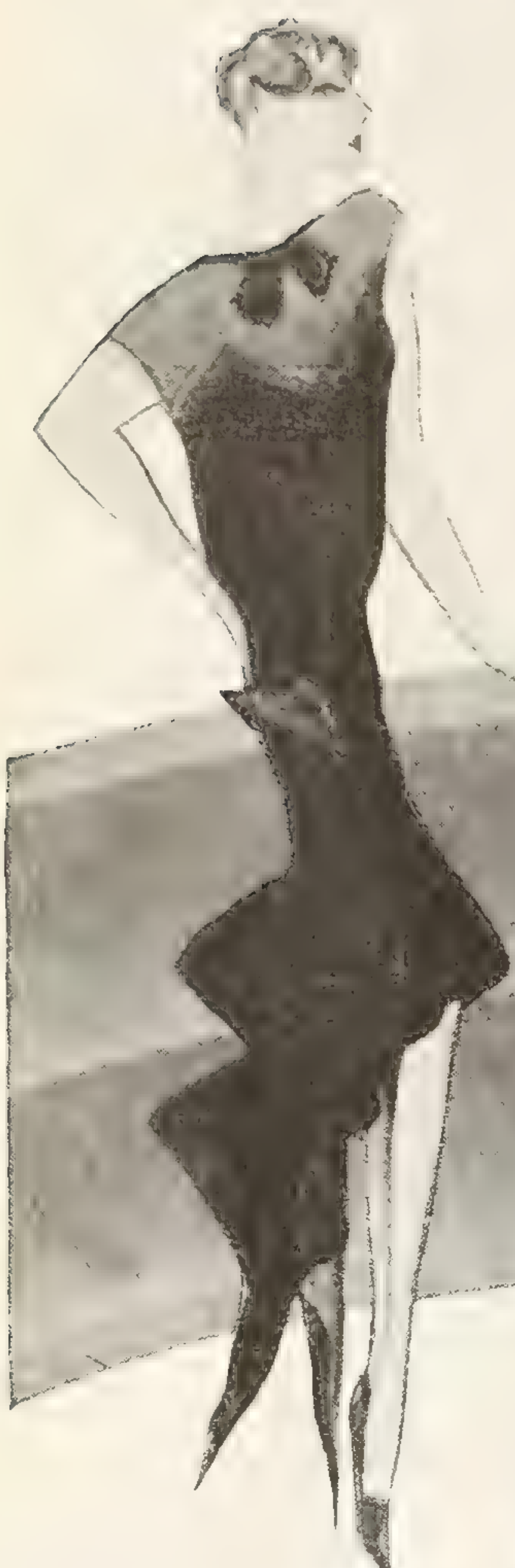


“I'm a selfish, crabby, nasty old bachelor and that's how I'll stay!” says Edward Everett Horton.

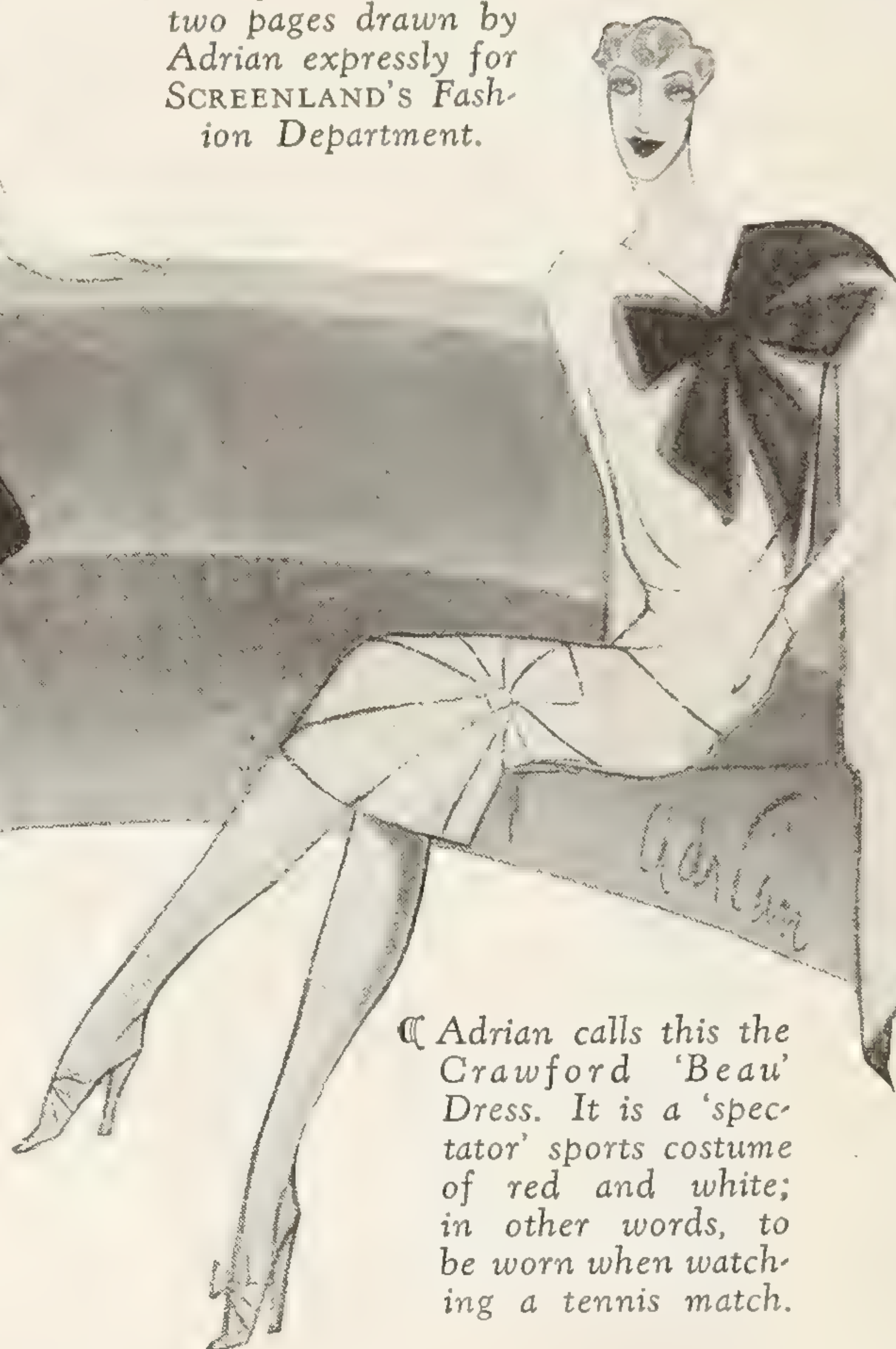
The MODERN MAID INSPIRES the MODE

☞ All sketches on these two pages drawn by Adrian expressly for SCREENLAND'S Fashion Department.

☞ Joan Crawford is as Ultra-Modern as the Airplane and the Skyscraper. She is the Movies' Last Word in Gorgeous Girls—and She Dresses the Part. Can You Keep Up With Her? Adrian Admits He Can't!



☞ The dinner gown of black stiff velvet sketched above was designed for the Joan Crawford type. Note the pocket.



☞ Adrian calls this the Crawford 'Beau' Dress. It is a 'spectator' sports costume of red and white; in other words, to be worn when watching a tennis match.

The Modern Maid's Clothes By Adrian

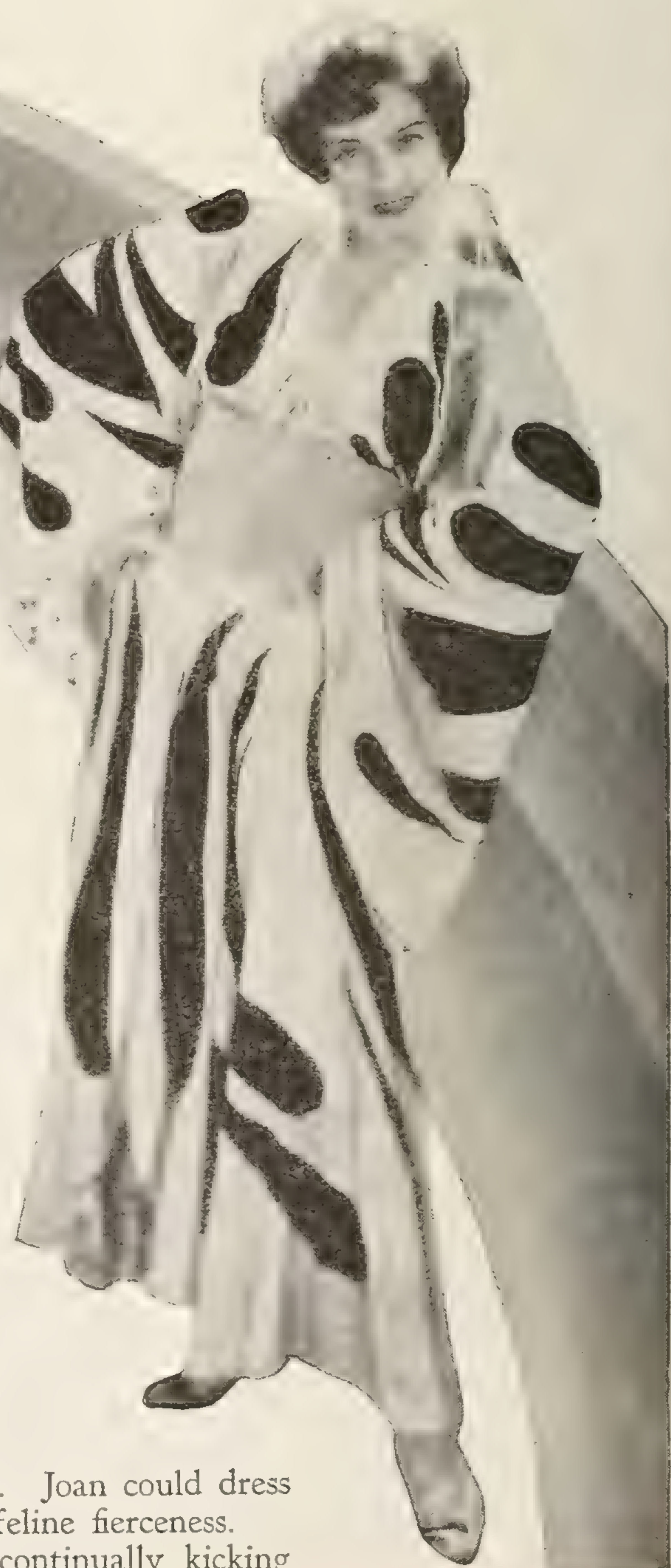
IF the airplane stands for the most modern travel; if skyscraper furniture is the last word in modern homes—we need only look at Joan Crawford to see the future modern maiden.

She is not a girl of today—she is a girl of tomorrow. She is slowly finding herself. She is as indefinite as every other modernistic tendency. She has passed through the flapper stage into the sophisticated girl of today and is on her way toward the most satisfying creation of modern womankind. When she has developed equanimity of the three phases she cannot help being an amazing person.

Because she has favored the more youthful type of dressing and characterization on the screen, it does not mean that she has not another sphere. Joan could dress a trifle older and still retain quantities of the "flame" she clings to with feline fierceness.

She would be just as striking a person seated at tea as she is when continually kicking

☞ To the right: Joan Crawford in a costume destined to make movie audiences gasp! It's the 'Zebra' dance dress designed by Adrian for "Modern Maidens."



¶ *That Much-Talked-About, Much Criticized—and Much-Loved Modern Maid! Where is She Going—and What Will She Wear on her Way? Adrian, Famous Fashion Creator, Analyzes her Potentialities.*

SCREENLAND is proud of its special fashion department conducted by Gilbert Adrian. For Adrian is no commonplace costume designer. He is an originator of modes. He understands clothes—and, more important, he understands women and their costume requirements in this fast-moving modern age. This is the fourth of a series of fashion articles by Adrian in which he discusses the different types of femininity and what each should wear. Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Anita Page—and now Joan Crawford have all been analyzed and advised as to their clothes problems. Adrian will be glad, too, to advise SCREENLAND's women readers—to answer any questions you may care to ask concerning clothes. Address:

Adrian, care SCREENLAND's Fashion Department,
49 West 45th St., New York City.



¶ Joan Crawford's approval of Adrian's sketch, which she holds, of the 'Zebra' costume for her new picture, is as nothing to the approval of audiences later on when they see her in it!

¶ A swagger little motor coat of green suede is sketched at the right, above. It has a green suede cap to match.

¶ At the right is Adrian's original sketch of the evening wrap worn by Joan in the photograph. The fur border of white fox was added at Joan's suggestion. The modern maid has her own ideas of design!

¶ Miss Crawford wearing an evening wrap of white satin and silver after Adrian's design.

the clock off the mantel. Quite naturally she would interest one in an entirely different way—and I might venture to say more so, because restraint means hidden power—unleashed activity means 'fatigue' later on. It is the possibilities of the beauties of the sky-rocket that intrigue rather than the memory of the burnt-out holder.

All this seems so far removed from clothes, but really it is as important to know why one dresses the way one does. If one analyzes the psychology of the person it is so much easier to dress the person.

Mentally the Crawford type is either a rocket or a fascinating and continuous eruption of scintillating lava.

When the Crawford type is not mental her clothes are naturally less important and become a series of amusing incidental details. Personally I am more interested in the Crawford type when she is quiet, when she is graceful; because of her natural beauty rather than in the midst of hectic gyrations.

One cannot dress a human display of fireworks! But when she relaxes and her body becomes more tangible then (Cont. on page 100)

Delight Trains' REVIEWS

☞ The first picture to give utterance to the great outdoors

In Old Arizona

☞ Dame Nature—With Sound Accompaniment

THE wide-open west, that favorite movie set, now has sound accompaniment. "In Old Arizona" is the first picture to give utterance to the great outdoors.

That is, you hear the beat of horses' hoofs, the bleating of sheep, and the mooing of cows—if that means anything to you. The stage coach, time-honored prop of a million western movies, also finds its sound effects. Guns pop. A dance-hall becomes noisy. The lone bandit talks to his horse—and you can hear him! Wonder how soon we'll be caught in a movie thunder storm with sound, hear the breakers boom on the beach, and day break? Oh, you go on, now!

"In Old Arizona" started out to be a short subject, but it grew and grew until it became a real, full-fledged, feature talkie. And with reason. It's good. The story is about *The Cisco Kid* (Warner Baxter), a personable bandit enamored of a Mexican girl (Dorothy Burgess). A tough Top-Sergeant (Edmund Lowe) is on the Kid's trail—and the girl's. It's a lively battle between the two men and I won't tell you which one wins—the girl. It's almost always exciting. Mr. Lowe is corking. Miss Burgess, stage recruit, is a good actress if not exactly glamorous. But Warner Baxter is your real guide "In Old Arizona." He's the shining star of this scenic with sound. With the greatest ease in the world Baxter picks up the picture and rides leisurely off with it. And I'm glad. *The Cisco Kid* is a part which calls for a picturesque personality, a mike-proof voice, a convincing accent. And it isn't an actor from the stage who puts it over—it's Warner Baxter, a young man about Hollywood. Hooray!

☞ Warner Baxter as the picturesque Cisco Kid and Dorothy Burgess as his sweetheart in "In Old Arizona."





☞ Goudal in the patio of her restful home in Hollywood.

*Tagged as
Temperamental!
But Is
She?*

☞ "If they engage me to play a part they will have to let me play it as I feel it!" Jetta Goudal's ultimatum.

MISUNDERSTOOD HOLLYWOOD

By Anne Askew

through the lies and is not interested in the petting.

The only thing that reminded me of her screen personality when I met her was the way her face crinkled up when she smiled and the way she did her hair. She usually wears gowns rather nun-like in their cut. The last time I saw her she had on a deep purple, heavy crepe tea-gown, perfectly straight, reaching to the floor, with flowing sleeves and very little cut out at the neck. Believe it or not, I am talking about that siren of the screen—Jetta Goudal!

She is always busy. When not at the studio she has much at home to occupy her mind. Recently she took a new apartment and did her own furnishing. Bit by bit, as she recognized a need or decided what would be the most comfortable as (Continued on page 99)





Lansing Brown

☞ Nick Stuart used to be an assistant director. Now he is on the high road to stardom.

The ~~Old~~ Young NICK

☞ Nick Stuart's Success Story.

By James M. Fidler

HE'S known as 'Nick' to everybody from William Fox, his boss, to assistant directors on the lot. (He used to be an assistant director himself, by the way.)

If you think it over you'll find that a nickname means something in Hollywood. All the big boys have one. Doug'—'Charlie'—'Bill'—'Dick'—'Ronnie'—'Billy' and 'Nick' Stuart.

Nick Stuart was christened Nicholas. But nobody remembers that. To the world he is 'Nick'—or even 'Nicky.' Although it must be added that Nick cringes a little when he hears 'Nicky' from anyone except Sue Carol. Sue can call him anything and get away with it. Though to date she has confined her choice to 'Nicky.'

He's a nice chap. People out here like him because he is a good sport. He laughs when the joke is on you or when it is on himself. He laughs longer and louder when he is the victim.

He'll grab for the lunch check, but he is a good enough sport to match you for it if you protest. If he loses, he laughs; if he wins and you pay the check, he gets a kick out of that.

If you understand what I mean, he's a real sort of guy. He enjoys a good fire any old night. You slip on a banana peel and he'll guffaw. At the same time, he'll

help you to your feet. On the golf course, after a poor shot, I've seen him throw his club fifty yards. Then I've seen him shame-facedly pick it up and half smile because of his outburst.

Until Sue Carol came into his life, he was a regular lady chaser. Maybe this will be news to Sue. All the sweet young things in Hollywood had been kissed by Nick. You see, he is only twenty-four now; before Sue he was only twenty-one. Now these same sweet young things

can only stand off and envy Sue. Nick can't see 'em. They're so much alfalfa in his life. Fields of chaff from which he has separated the real crop, Sue.

Nick is nobody's fool. When he came to America from Roumania, he was 14 years of age and couldn't speak a word of English. He expected to find Santa Claus living in the United States. His parents believed it rained gold and silver. Pretty soon his mother and father learned that it rained plenty, but not gold and silver. And Nick, as soon as he was old enough to know, learned that not one but half a million Santa Clauses live in the United States. Only, the chorus girls have 'em cornered.

In his brief ten years in America, Nick has learned to speak English as well as you or I—maybe better, because his English is rather correct; there is a lack of illegitimate slang. He is saving his money and already owns one home and is buying another. The one he owns is in a district that is growing rapidly. Nick will make a lot of money on that investment.

Nick impresses you, whenever you see him, with the fact that he is clean. It is the first thing you think of when you meet him. You think of it constantly when you are with him. After you leave him, you remember his shining white teeth; his spotless shirt and smooth collar; his perfectly pressed trousers; his fresh (Cont. on page 107)



Max Mun Autrey

HOLLYWOOD'S Cutest Couple. Nick Stuart and Sue Carol are happy because they are co-starring in "Girls Gone Wild."



YOU will hear Vilma Banky's voice, fascinating accent and all, in some scenes of her new film. Yes—"This is Heaven"!



Max M. Huley

CHARLES FARRELL hasn't been in a "Seventh Heaven" lately; but we still maintain that he is a 'very remarkable fellow.



A. Kahle

WE present David Rollins—the brand-new boy wonder of the movies. Only Jackie Coogan is more boyish. David, take your bow!



Gene Robert Richee

HER beauty was against her until she dropped everything and began to act. Now Esther Ralston is a great trouper.



Freulich

MARIAN NIXON'S name is now in 'Headlines.' She is a Vitaphone talking heroine, guaranteed immune to mike-fright.



Russell Ball

THE Metamorphosis of an Ingenue; or The Rise of Edna Murphy. Remember her as a sweet young thing; then see her in "My Man."



"**T**HE Duke Steps Out" may be a comedy,
but Joan Crawford and William Haines
have their serious moments in it. See above.

To Every Girl

¶ *Madame Helena Rubenstein, Famous Expert on Feminine Charm, Reveals a Few Beauty Secrets to Rosa Reilly.*

Marriage first," Madame Rubenstein said. "From experience I have found that most happily married women, and sometimes, it may surprise you, happily engaged girls, make little effort to keep their good looks. 'Why should I bother?' they say. 'My husband loves me.' Or, 'My fiance likes the way I look.'

"Well, maybe. But whenever this is said, I always have my doubts about the man's being satisfied. Every man under the sun, whether he will admit it or not, wants beauty of face and soul, first of all, in a woman. In this regard, I would refer you to that much-talked-of book, 'The Technique of the Love Affair,' in which 'A Gentlewoman' tells how to win the man you desire. In estimating the different attractions of a woman, what does she place first? On page thirty we find:

- (1) Beauty,
- (2) Fame,
- (3) Wealth,
- (4) Rank,
- (5) Social Popularity,
- (6) Intellect,
- (7) Domestic Talents.

But could you get a happily married woman to believe this? Ah, no. 'I cook my husband good food. I talk to him intelligently about his business. I make him happy,' she says. But if you will refer to the above, you will see that domestic talents and intelligence are the last on the list. So don't be like these too-

secure ones who are the hardest of all to prod into taking any pride in their appearance.

"But take unhappy women. Unhappiness seems the very thing which makes a woman struggle to improve her appearance. If she fears her husband's affection or her sweetheart's love is waning, she tries to give it new life by making herself more attractive. And you would be surprised what a determined woman can do towards enhancing her charms!

"Ignorance, the second drawback, is another terrible handicap. Most women don't realize that each different type of beauty demands different treatment. The beauty of Greta Garbo may expire on what the loveliness of a Billie Dove would thrive. Before you girls rush out and buy creams, lotions and ointments by the quart, you must inform yourself on what type of skin you have.

"The third drawback, Laziness, is the commonest and most fateful drawback. Loveliness, like success, is only achieved (Cont. on page 102)



¶ Madame Helena Rubenstein, for thirty years one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world.



¶ Clara Bow, who represents the mad-cap ideal of youth—red hair, amazing eyes, and rose-bud mouth.

In New



☞ *Vive la Lily!*
Mlle. Damita arrives
and New York surrenders.
Left, Richard Barthelmess and
his wife, in town for a vacation; and
Gilda Gray who has returned from England
where she made "Piccadilly" sit up and take notice!

☞ *Broadway is Buzzing with Movie Gossip!*

YOU'D never know your old Broadway these days—and nights. It isn't the same. It's gone all Hollywood. Not that I care—I love it. I'm for the movies all the time. But the old-timers grumble and say: "The old street isn't what it used to be." No—it's better.

Where movies are, there also is success and fun and life and beauty. And the movies are spreading themselves all over the Great White Way. You'd be amazed, if you haven't visited New York for some time, to see how the motion pictures have invaded the 'legitimate' theatres; how the talk at Times Square is all about 'Movietones' and 'Vitaphones' and 'mikes' and 'monitors.' The talkies have come, have stayed, have conquered. Three cheers for synchronization and theme songs!

Such a grand group of movie stars in town this month, too! Consider these names: Gilda Gray, Dick Barthelmess, Phyllis Haver, Lily Damita, Nancy Carroll, and Bill Powell—just to mention the most interesting. Where shall I begin—with a welcome home to the Shimmy Star? All right with me, Let's go!

Gilda has been in England, you know, making a picture for World Wide, called "Piccadilly." It's from a story by Arnold Bennett, and it's directed by Dupont, who made "Variety." And Gilda says it's by far the best thing she has ever done. She's crazy about it. "And wait till you see my new dance, honey!" she says in her fascinating husky voice. "It's a combination of the shimmy, the Black Bottom, the Varsity Drag,

York



☞ Above, Phyllis Haver came east to get engaged, but she didn't know it when this picture was taken. Next, Nancy Carroll arriving in her own home town on the Century. And William Powell, who still prefers to be known as 'Bill.'

By Anne Bye

and the Charleston. I call it 'The Piccadilly Shiver.'"

She met everybody worth meeting over there—princes and distinguished authors and extinguished dukes. And she went to Paris and simply raided the shops, my dears. (SCREENLAND will show you her new clothes next month, and not by the way, either.)

Gilda may always be relied upon to say or do something out of the ordinary. Sure enough—listen to this:

"I had to put on weight for 'Piccadilly.' Dupont said I was too thin and he wouldn't start shooting until I gained twenty pounds—the hardest work I ever did! And now that I'm back home I have to take it off!" Like George Bernard Shaw in his Movietone, she can 'put it on' and she can 'take it off!'

What will she do next? Well, probably a vaudeville tour, first. And then Hollywood and talking pictures. You know Gilda sang in "The Follies" as well as strutted. She has just about everything to make a hit with the mike.

I promised Phyllis Haver I wouldn't tell a soul when she confided to me about her budding romance with a certain popular young man about Manhattan. And I'd keep my promise, too, if she hadn't announced her engagement as soon as she returned home to Hollywood.

It's a swell story and I'll tell it to you. It seems Bert Lytell was giving Phyllis a grand (Cont. on page 94)

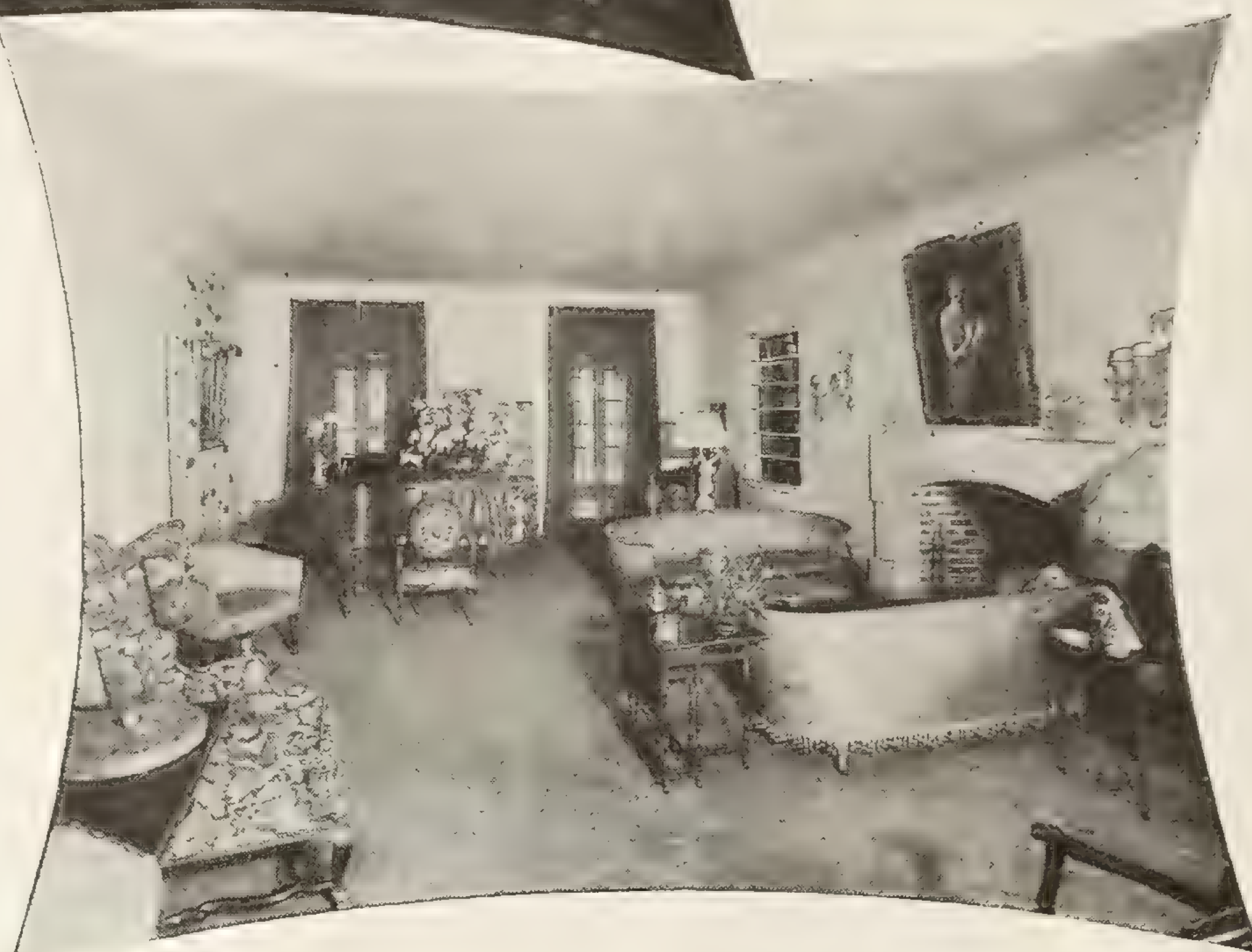
Calling on

"Drop in any old fith. All right, Cor-



☞ Corinne Griffith has one of the most lucrative contracts in motion pictures and so she can afford to live in state in Beverly Hills. Here — above — she welcomes us through the iron-grilled gates into her spacious living-room.

☞ Wait a minute! Did we say 'living room?' Our error! 'Drawing-room' is the only word for the lovely luxurious room shown at the right. There's a portrait of our hostess above the fire-place—the only one of her in the house, and that only because her husband insisted!



☞ Corinne Griffith is a southern lady before she is a screen star. A movie million or two can't make her forget that a house is only a house until it is transformed into a home. And she knows the trick!

☞ The beautiful bedroom below is worthy of a duchess or an interior decorator—or even of a famous screen star. Pastel turquoise blue is the predominating color note.



☞ At the left: Corinne in her boudoir. The peacock perfume burner in the center of the mantel-piece is one of the finest specimens of Lalique's hand-carved crystals.

CORINNE

time," says Miss Griffin—here we are!



☞ To the right above: just a little girl and her play-house? Yes, in a manner of speaking! Corinne can look like a little girl with no difficulty at all when she is called upon to play one for First National. The cunning cottage is her private dressing-room bungalow on the lot at Burbank, California.



☞ Left: a glimpse inside the bungalow. (It looks more like a Park Avenue apartment to us.) The star designed it herself in the modernistic manner. But she took care to provide comfort in chairs and couch.

☞ Corinne in a corner of her bungalow living-room, at the right. The convenient little table is of nouveau art design, in black and silver. The dog is just plain wire-haired terrier.



☞ To the left: the dressing-room itself—really the most important feature of Corinne Griffith's bungalow. It is furnished in pastel coral and green. An innovation introduced by Corinne is the incandescent-lighted mirror of her dressing-table. It is lighted underneath with the same type of lighting that is used on the studio sets, so that the star can tell immediately how her make-up will photograph.

Let's Go to

"Is It Worth Seeing?" is the Question Everybody Asks It For You. Follow This Department of Short and Snappy

Lucky Boy

An excellent talking picture, starring George Jessel, dealing with a Jewish boy's love for his mother. Hating his father's jewelry business, the boy leaves home, works his way to San Francisco and gets his first dramatic chance at amateur night in a little coast theatre. Later he makes a great success in a night club and falls in love. Jessel sings five songs, making a big hit with one—"My Mother's Eyes." George is an able actor, a true singing artist and retains all the naturalness of youth. Supported by a good cast, this is easily one of the best of the talking pictures.



The Last Warning

Yells, gasps and horrors aplenty. A small-time Phantom of the Opera picture with sound, showing Laura La Plante, Montagu Love, Mack Swain and others hunting a murderer in a deserted theatre. Taken from the successful stage play of the same name, it loses its speed and compactness when transferred to the screen.



Sal of Singapore

A hot, saline romance, glorifying Phyllis Haver and her collegiate chassie. Allan Hale tames Phyllis, a pretty dance-hall shrew, shanghaiing her to take care of a baby left on his ship. Fred Kohler, always a good menace, steals the girl, puts out to sea, and it's no pink tea when these two huskies meet. Phyllis is enchanting.



The Jazz Age

Young Douglas Fairbanks and Marceline Day in a whoopee picture dealing with the son of poor but honest parents and the daughter of a rich but grafting father. Splendid race between street car and two automobiles, with plenty of flasks and dance-halls thrown in. An excellent film, proving Doug to be a real actor.



Nothing to Wear

In the eternal predicament of women, Jackie Logan has nothing to wear. Receiving a fur coat, she thinks it's from the boy friend and returns it. Which makes it bad for her since her husband sent it. Clever farce, exploiting Jackie in undress uniform. Von Eltz, Jane Winton and Bryant Washburn ably assisting.

the Movies!

About a Motion Picture. Let Screenland's Revuettes Answer Reviews and You'll Be Guided to the Worth-While Movies.



Red Hot Speed

Be careful there, you fast driving girls or you'll have Reginald Denny appointed your guardian. Some punishment! Denny's first talkie is a clever farce in which, as the Assistant District Attorney, he gets appointed guardian of pretty Alice Day, the speed demon, who not only wrecks cars but sticks her tongue out at the victims. Alice's father, a well-known newspaper editor, is running a campaign against fast driving, and Alice gives another name in court to keep her misdemeanors from his ears. This starts the farce ball rolling and keeps it spinning until the end. Both Denny's and Alice Day's voices are excellent talkie material. Don't miss this one!



Moulin Rouge

Filmed in the celebrated Moulin Rouge in Paris, and showing a greater part of the famous revue, this picture introduces a new star, Olga Chekova, formerly with Moscow Art Theatre. Chekova, resembling Negri, is a remarkably able player, enacting the part of the actress-mother whose daughter's fiance falls in love with her.



Stolen Love

You will like this film about the sheltered young girl, Marceline Day, who falls in love with Rex Lease. When her aunts upset her romance, she runs away to Frisco and becomes a model. Owen Moore does fine work as the sophisticated gent who tries, in a deserted mountain cabin, to steal Marceline's—ah—er—virtue.



Reckless Youth

Co-ed yarn, culminating in a hotel suite where at midnight the heroine finds herself alone with the villain—who falls asleep! A murder is committed, the girl accused and all her collegiate indiscretions uncovered. Marceline Day, Ralph Ames and Coy Watson contribute interesting performances.



Give and Take

Except for the excellent clowning of both George Sidney and Jean Hersholt, this 'talkie' leaves much to be desired. George Lewis is the hero, and Sharon Lynn the girl in the case. The difficulty lies in the fact that the story, taken from the stage play of the same title, is too slight for such expanding.

A pretty girl in an
Easter bonnet!
Would we knew
how to make a
sonnet.
Let Doris Hill but
shake a leg—
And we are just
an Easter egg!



Screenland's Department of Gossip Keeps You in Close Touch with the Studios and Stars.

left he made straight for Joan.

"Hello, Dodo," were the words Joan greeted him with, and then automatically the sewing was discarded. A kiss from the youth was solemnly implanted upon the scarlet lips of the happy maiden; then, dragging a chair close by the one Joan occupied, Doug Jr. sat down carelessly and bent his head so that it touched that of the girl he loved. While the lights were being re-adjusted and the cameras placed for the next 'shot' the two coo-ed, laughed, etc.

"Come on, Joan," came the husky beckoning from Director Cruze. It was a shame to disturb them, but then the picture had to go on.

After giving Douglas Jr. a smack on the cheek (not with her fists, silly, but with her lips) the vivacious star hustled before the cameras, leaving the lad behind—it just had to be done.

Now what man, terribly in love, would be content to sit out of sight while his adored one emoted before the clicking cameras? Even actors are human, so 'Dodo' nonchalantly strode over to the side-lines merely to watch

IT happened during the 'shooting' of "The Duke Steps Out" co-starring the lovely Joan Crawford and the amiable Billy Haines. The scene represented the interior of a college gymnasium where an informal dance was taking place—all part of the picture, my dears.

Pretty co-eds in sport frocks and sheiky male students garbed in corduroys, open shirts and dizzy sweaters, pranced around to the tunes of a jazzy orchestra. (And oh, what jazz!) Now a lot of 'em were real extras, but the majority of the merry crowd were solicited from the University of Southern California, thus lending the real McCoy to the atmosphere.

Incandescent lights (which are fast replacing the old time kliegs) burned furiously while James Cruze the director, who can turn out a real entertaining first-class production almost as fast as a 'quickie,' watched the goings on silently, pleased.

The first scene ended, Joan glided over to her canvas-back chair, made herself comfortable and then started sewing on some curtains—honest, which goes to prove that the rising star is somewhat inclined to be domestic.

Not many seconds elapsed before a tall, sandy-haired (or should I say blond?) fellow, not handsome, but quite good-looking, and dressed exactly like the college kids, came upon the set. Without looking to the right or the

the scene.

A group of students, mostly males, were crowded around Joan making whoopee. In the midst of all the fun a sudden impulse, or perhaps it was a frantic desire, caught hold of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Sporting a big boyish grin, quite like the one his famous dad possesses, 'Dodo' made his way into the group and began acting like nobody's business. James Cruze, startled at first with the uncalled-for intrusion, gave way to a hearty laugh.

"Go on with the scene!" was his order—and he watched with a satisfied grin.

Joan's large grey-blue eyes lit up with joy and she acted as she never had acted before. Her emotions were not put on now; they were real. A close-up followed—'Dodo' was in that, too. You see he was part of the picture now, giving his valuable services free of charge. All for love!

Both walked off the set arm in arm.

"Dearest," murmured Doug Jr. into her ear, "just think, this is the first time I have ever appeared in a picture with my own sweetheart."

Joan patted his cheek; and whispered back: "And it may be the last time!"

A burning kiss in view of the cheering mob proved to be the fade-out; then Joan and 'Dodo' made their exit.

But Joan was wrong. It wasn't the last time. These two will play together in "Modern Maidens"—and watch for their love scenes!

* * *

Perhaps the most important news break this month is the change in name of the FBO studios to RKO, which means that FBO pictures have consolidated with Radio Corporation of America, the Keith theaters and the Orpheum theaters. And that means that before they got it all sifted down to RKO there were about fifty other smaller consolidations and mergers and goodness knows what! Anyhow, it is a very impressive change which is expected to bring some fine results.

RKO will be the film producing company for the Keith and Orpheum theaters and will also be affiliated with the RCA Photophone system of talking pictures.

Great things are being lined up by Vice-President William Le Baron for the 1929-30 program and the young lady they have selected for special honors is little Sally Blane.

* * *

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are playing on one of the most interesting sets I have seen in Hollywood. A whole stage is turned over to represent a bit of New England country, with houses, roads, telegraph poles and forests of trees. Charlie plays a lineman and Janet a little girl who hasn't just the right slant on things. She sells milk and when she delivers some to Charlie he throws ten cents to her from his perch on the telegraph pole. She covers it quickly with her foot and tells him he didn't pay her. Now Charlie is a rather serious-minded young lineman who thinks Janet too nice a kid to do such things. So he climbs down from the pole, turns Janet across his knee and gives her a sound spanking!

"It's no fair," cried Janet when she heard what was to happen to her. "I ought to be allowed to get back at him for that!"

So it was agreed that Janet give Charlie a good bite on the leg while the thrashing is going on. And she does.

"Gee!" said Charlie ruefully. "You didn't have to bite that hard, Janet!"



Ⓒ That microphone makes "Big Boy" feel little. But he isn't worrying—his voice went over big.

"Think of the loss to my dignity," defended Janet. "I had to do something to make up for it."

As I left she was plotting further revenge. Janet thought a board placed over the scene of action would prove quite a surprise to Charlie when they had to take the scene again.

* * *

Charles Morton is all upset about a baby picture some magazine printed of him. "I think it looks so silly to see myself as a baby! The fellows sure razzed me about it. Who gave it to you?" he asked one of the Fox publicity staff. But Charlie could get no information. "By golly, I'm going to find out," he declared. "I'll bet Dad gave it to you. That's just what he would think was a swell idea."

Twenty years from now Charlie won't mind having his baby pictures printed; it is only the very young who mind those things.

* * *

A friend surprised Louise Fazenda making cookies the other morning. Louise is a splendid cook and moreover, she likes it—oh, not as a steady diet, you know; but once in awhile—she thinks it is fun to take possession of her nice shiny kitchen and 'mix things.' This was the first day Louise had been free for weeks. She has just finished shrieking through "The House of Horrors" for First National. A friend who was celebrating her eighty-fourth birthday gave Louise excuse enough to try out her favorite recipe, and I can give first-hand evidence that the result was delicious.

No one would expect Louise Fazenda to do things like other people and she doesn't. Her favorite costume for



Ⓒ Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford in a scene from "Modern Maidens," in which they play man and wife.



Ⓒ Football was forgotten when Captain Peter Pund of Georgia Tech's famous eleven took a lesson in movie acting from Marion Davies. "Oh, how I love my teacher!"

culinary work is a pink canton flannel nightgown with a yoke and long sleeves which she likes to roll up. It's a fact.

"Well, I suppose it isn't stylish, but it's comfortable, and that's all that matters to me. Although I do hope Hal never catches me in it," was her very human afterthought. Hal Wallis is her husband and the new production manager at First National.

* * *

Thelma Hill, the clever Mack Sennett comedienne, is working on her third talking picture, "The Bride's Relations," directed by Mr. Sennett. It is harder to make sound comedies than serious pictures in sound because the laughter and noise often puts the mechanism out of commission, Thelma says. For this reason all wise cracks and joking between scenes is out. The other day they had been waiting a long time because of some necessary adjustment when the call came to get ready. Thelma was all primed to do her stuff when the cameraman, who is English, stuck his head out of the box and said, "I say, Mr. Sennett! Shall I carry on?" The roar of laughter that followed this remark put the mike out of business for the day.

* * *

Eddie Dowling is in Hollywood and will start within the next few days on "Broadway Bound," an original story by the star which has been adapted for the screen by Frances Agnew. Miss Agnew has also written the continuity and dialogue. I remember one picture she titled that might have made even George Marion, Jr., jealous, so I think it is safe to expect good entertainment from the dialogue department of "Broadway Bound." And I am sure you know what Eddie can do with good dialogue. For years he has been touring these United States in vaudeville and musical comedy, so he is no stranger to you.

Marian Nixon will play the lead. Lloyd Ingraham and Sam Hardy are in it, and Frankie Darro plays the boy. Fred Newmeyer directs.

Ray Dooley, who is Mrs. Eddie Dowling, gave up a leading role in Earl Carroll's Vanities to make this trip with her husband, "And not to play in movies either," she said impressively. "I came out to learn how to ride a horse!" And she's doing it, too, no matter how painfully.

* * *

Gary Cooper is in the newest Emil Jannings picture. Before the company went on location Gary appeared at Lupe Velez' house on a truck.

"Will you keep my eagles for me, Lupe, until I get back from location?" he asked a little doubtfully. Lupe looked past him at a cage that took up more than the length of the truck and at the enormous birds inside of it. They appeared none too happy.

"Oh yes, darling, I will take care of your eagles for you," Lupe replied, but to herself she said, "Where am I going to put those eagles where Meletone is safe?"

Meletone is Lupe's little dog and he is so little that an eagle would not consider him even an appetizer. But who could Gary ask to keep his pets for him if not the girl he loves? So Lupe had a still larger cage built in her back-yard so the eagles could fly around a bit.

"But they scare me to death," she said, "they are so big—why, their wings have seven feet covered when they are spread out. And they eat raw meat! And Gary, he



Ⓒ Left: Mrs. Barthelmess, mother of Dick, with Dick's little daughter, Mary.



Ⓒ The girl of today—and the girl of yesterday. Dorothy Hyams, playing she's the little old-fashioned miss of

go all the time in the cage. Some day I know those eagles eat him. But what can I do? He love them, so I take care of them."

Will Lupe marry Gary? Well, Hollywood is wondering, too. But no one knows, least of all Lupe. She thinks they are both too young to marry. But Lupe is an impulsive, warm-hearted, adorable child so you can never tell.

* * *

Hollywood turned out en masse to the most brilliant opening of the year, "Broadway Melody," at Grauman's Chinese Theater. And now that it is over I'll bet every producer in the business envies Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer their contract with Bessie Love. For weeks people have said, "Well, wait till 'Broadway Melody' opens," and for once rumor was right. John Gilbert was master of ceremonies and a very neat one. He introduced Charlie King, a newcomer to the screen, and Anita Page. The applause for each was hearty enough but when Bessie appeared it was deafening. "And someone else was very good," said Jack and called for Jed Prouty. Harry Beaumont, the director, is now being hailed on all sides.

Sue Carol was there with Nick Stuart. Josephine Dunn came with Raquel Torres and two young men I did not recognize. Corinne Griffith was with her husband, Walter Morosco. Billie Dove, with Irvin Willat. And there was Marion Davies—and Lois Wilson looking very lovely in a white taffeta bouf-

¶ Right: Finis Fox, who writes the scenarios for his brother Edwin Carewe's films, and his wife, Loris.



¶ Douglas Fairbanks was down at the train to greet Lillian Gish and Max Reinhardt upon their arrival in Hollywood. The Austrian impresario will make his first film, "The Miracle Woman," with Miss Gish as star.



fant gown. As Adolphe Menjou left the lobby he said to his wife, Kathryn Carver, "Is it still raining or has it stopped by the grace of God?" But it hadn't, and in California when it rains, it rains. And Elmer Clifton decided against Henry's and for the Roosevelt that night for a sandwich and coffee with his wife and their guests.

* * *

It wasn't surprising to hear that Warner Baxter signed a long-term contract with Fox after his reception in "In Old Arizona." You should have heard the flappers flapping in the lobby. "Did you ever see such 'It'?" one of them asked. "And what a voice," said another. Darn right, both of them. He was a greater sensation than Eddie Lowe, because we all know that Eddie can act but Warner was practically washed up in pictures because of the stiff-necked parts he had had the misfortune to draw. With the usual vision of business men in art, no producer could see Warner in anything romantic, and then fate took a hand. An accident to Raoul Walsh, who was to have played the part as well as direct, gave Warner his break.

* * *

Eddie Lowe thinks pictures are great—if you can live through them. In an earlier issue of SCREENLAND there was a location yarn about Eddie and a bear doing a sister act together on the top of a mountain for "Making the Grade." Well, it seems that women are not the only beings privileged to change their minds—because that whole sequence has been cut out and now, months after the actors believed the picture over and done with, the Fox executives call them back for another try.

It is to be a water sequence and was taken last week at Catalina. Al Green, who directed "Making the Grade" being tied up on the Metro lot, the scenes were directed by James Tingling.



Sebastian as Miss 1929 grins across the page at Leila thirty years ago who couldn't even make up her mind.



☞ Carmel Myers is not only a good actress—she's an inventor. Charming Carmel devised a gadget to attach her make-up box to her studio chair while on the set. (It works.)

Eddie reported on the dock for work and found his co-actors there ahead of him. They were all waiting for him in a large net, tunas, lobsters, star fish, and other aquatic wonders. "This is going to be good," thought Eddie. "Now Eddie," said Mr. Tingling, "you get along in that net and Bob here will let you down." "Oh, yeah?" said Eddie. "I won't let you stay under longer than eighteen seconds, Eddie. Honest!" And then Eddie saw that the net was heavily weighted. "This is going to be good, he said to himself. But he climbed in the net with the marine actors. And down he went plumb to the bottom. The scene and his competition with the fish was being photographed with a gyroscopic camera through a glass-bottomed boat. "Well, I guess they got to arguing about something up there and forgot all about me," said Eddie. "It was the longest eighteen seconds I ever counted. But just as I decided my lungs were going to get even with me for playing them such a trick they brought me up, but not out. A wave filled me up before I could take a good breath. I bobbed up again and tried to shout to them. My mouth opened—and in came another wave! 'Swell, Eddie, you're doing fine!' yelled Jim. This is where I stay down for keeps if another wave gets me, I thought. I was almost water logged. But I made one more mighty effort and I guess the look on my face did the rest. The crew hauled me out!"

Eddie starts his next all-talking picture, "Thru Different Eyes" today. Mary Duncan and Warner Baxter are in the cast and Jack Blystone will direct.

* * *

All of you Lila Lee fans will have a chance to see this winsome, wistful little actress again soon. She is playing the ingenue lead in "Honky Tonk" with Sophie Tucker, an all-talking Warner picture. Lila met Sophie Tucker in London a few years ago at the Kit Kat Club and they have been friends ever since, though it is the first time they have played together.

* * *

In the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theatre there are many life-size statutes that have fooled visitors into thinking them to be real people. They are made by Mme. Strubergh and her daughter who are said to be the only ones in the world who know this particular process, which permits them to put hair on the heads of their models as though it were actually growing. Well, it was thought that a model of Corinne Griffith would be interesting

placed in the lobby of the Carthay Circle Theatre where "The Divine Lady" is playing.

So Corinne was laid out on a couch and the ingredients smeared all over her, including her face. When Mme. Strubergh came to her mouth she asked Corinne to close it. "But," objected Corinne, "it won't be like me. I always have my lips slightly apart. Can't you do it that way?" "Well, we can try it," said Madame. When the stuff starts to dry the victim can't move a muscle so imagine Corinne's state of mind when, with the taste of the stuff on her tongue, a friend, who was watching, said, "What inviting-looking stuff that is, it looks like whipped cream!" "Yes," said Madame, "that's what my little dog thought. He ate a whole bowl-full. It killed him instantly!"

* * *

When Geraldine Farrar gave her concert here Los Angeles turned out to bid her welcome and make her a box-office success. I am sorry to say Hollywood was not so well represented. There were a few however. Edna May Cooper, whose first picture was one in which Geraldine was the star, was there in a box with Helen Ludlam, SCREENLAND's Location Lady. Reginald Barker and his wife were in another box; also Raymond Hatton and Mrs. Hatton and Norma Talmadge, Laura Hope Crews, who is out here to teach Norma the art of speaking for the screen, and Gilbert Roland. They all went back to speak to 'Jerry' afterwards and the fight they had to get through the mob of curious 'Jerry' fans was something to set one thinking.

* * *

The lovely youngest daughter of Richard Bennett is in Hollywood under contract to Samuel Goldwyn. Her name is Joan. Her first role will probably be opposite Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond." Joan is the



☞ No wonder Barbara Kent is smiling. She's Harold Lloyd's new leading lady.

youngest sister of Constance Bennett, who made a great hit on the screen but retired to marry the young Manhattan millionaire, Philip Plant.

* * *

How false rumors get started is the mystery of the world, but I am assured on the very best authority that what was said to be a break between Max Reinhardt and Joseph M. Schenck is not a break at all. Inharmony never existed between the celebrated German producer and the motion picture magnate. Herr Reinhardt and Lillian Gish are now at Palm Springs working on their first film story, which will be "The Miracle Woman."

* * *

Several interesting romances in Hollywood this month. The most exciting, I suppose, is between Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Ben has long been spoken of as one of the nicest boys in Hollywood and Bebe as one of the most popular girls, but most people had given Ben up in despair as a confirmed bachelor. No date is set for the wedding but it is bound to be soon. They went to the Equity Ball together and from their expression I don't think it mattered much where they were, just so they were together.

It is rumored that Phyllis Haver is contemplating matrimony, too. With William Seaman, a New York business man and close friend of Mayor Jimmy Walker's.

* * *

It has been proved that there can't be any secrets on a sound stage. A visiting lady was taken to the monitor's box as a special mark of favor. Her husband was telling two friends a naughty story down on the stage. She heard every word of it though she couldn't see him. But heavy was the rolling pin that lady held over her husband for the rest of the day.

* * *

Over Universal way Reginald Denny and Eddie Cline, his director, were puzzled about a sound the monitor was picking up that couldn't be accounted for. All was perfectly quiet on the stage; people hardly breathed. Yet the noise in the monitor's box continued. "It must be the garlic on this set," said Eddie Cline at last.

The mysterious 'pick-up' sounded something like this: "Gubbley-blup, gubbley-blup," with a rising inflection in the middle. "What in time is it?" everyone wanted to know, while the little sound went cheerfully on—gubbley-blup, gubbley-blup, gubbley-blup—until strong men began tearing their hair at the wasted minutes. Well, it finally developed that at the far corner of the hundred-foot sound stage in a little boxed-in space two property men were brewing their midnight coffee!

* * *

Charlie Farrell is so excited about getting his new house ready in time for his mother's arrival that he can hardly wait to get out of the studio. It has taken months to build and more months to grow things on the place. The Cape Coddish atmosphere is what Charlie is most proud of.

And speaking of Charlie one naturally thinks of Virginia Valli. I wonder why? Virginia has at last had a well-deserved break. I am told that she has been handed the much-coveted leading role opposite John Gilbert in "Redemption," directed by Fred Niblo. Renee Adoree will play the luscious part of the gypsy girl. It will be an all-talking picture, and there will be gypsy songs and dances.

* * *

Estelle Taylor, who is playing the part of the wicked enchantress in the new Lon Chaney picture, "East is East," was looking more than usually beautiful the other day in a jade charmeuse gown which fit every nook and cranny of her lovely figure. Her eyes had the most wicked slant to them and I afterwards found that the 'slant' was held in place by bandages hidden beneath her hair. If you want to know whether they were comfortable or not, you might try them out at your next masquerade ball. After the third day Estelle's forehead was blistered and the fourth day she was in considerable pain. But one must suffer for one's art once in awhile!

Lupe Velez is in it, too, and the girls are great friends. They had not met until they started to work together in Chaney's film.



© Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills at home. "The Barker" and his beautiful wife, Doris Kenyon, are playing together again in the new Sills picture.



Ⓐ A scene from "Ned Wayburn's Gambols," which features Ned Wayburn's dances and dancers. They're doing the new 'Palm Beach Walk.'

The Stage Coach

Reviews of the Current Broadway Plays

By Morrie Ryskind

Street Scene

GET out the cymbals and the drums, and see what the boys in the back room will have. Here's a great American play, and let's not say, when our children ask us about it, that we failed to recognize it.

And when we say, a great American play, don't misunderstand us. This is no saga of the winning of the West; this is no epic of the World War, in which a U. S. Marine, single-handed, captures three divisions of the German army. It's a tale of the mean streets of New York, of a tenement where the Kaplans live next door to the Fiorentinos, right below the Murrants, and right above the Mr. Olsen, who is the janitor.

Here is the raw material of the comic strip, of "Abie's Irish Rose," of "The Cohens and the Kellys." It is different from them not in its externals, but in its internals, in its more vital regions. The difference is the difference, say, only between Elmer Rice as an artist and Anne Nichols as one.

And oh, as Mr. Wordsworth said, the difference to me! You see, we know that tenement very well; we lived in it. And so did, obviously, Mr. Rice. So that to him, too,

the house was not inhabited by cartoon strips, but by people. Life and love, birth and death, comedy and tragedy, he knew, entered via the hallway just as they were escorted into other houses by uniformed hallboys.

The result is a vivid panorama of life as it is still lived by the majority of New Yorkers. Bromidic, futile, hopeless and hopeful, it is all here, painted by a sympathetic hand. And the result is something rather thrilling—far more thrilling than the story of gangsters and gunmen, or of the love nest on Park Avenue. Here are—no, not ladies—but women and men, stupid and wise, cruel and kind. And they're worth taking a look at.

Mr. Rice directed the play with excellent results. We commend William Brady for letting him alone on it. Jo Mielziner's setting is a strikingly effective one. And the cast is amazingly good. Erin O'Brien-Moore, Beulah Bondi, Bulgakov, Eleanor Wesselhoeft, Hilda Bruce—but there, we can't mention them all, good as they are. To get the full list, buy a seat, and the usher will give you a program

House Unguarded

"House Unguarded" is an idea much better in its con-

ception, unfortunately, than in its execution. Nevertheless, it has its moments.

Col. James Thorne, of the U. S. Army, is found dead in his quarters in the Panama Canal Zone. His revolver is in his hand. It looks like suicide. But not to Anderson, a New York correspondent, shrewdly played by Jerome Daley. He has his own theory, and that theory is played for you in a cut-back. But Elliott, the reporter for the local sheet, offers various objections to Daley's yarn. And so Elliott's version is played for you. That leaves the third act for the true facts to be portrayed.

Lester Lonergan as the actor who goes to his death three times nightly, is good. Unfortunately, the rest of the cast is not quite up to him. And the authors leave the story hanging in the air at their curtain.

Ned Wayburn's Gambols

In the last issue of SCREENLAND, in commenting on "One Way Street"—and commenting favorably on it—we spoke of the fact that a critic applies different yardsticks when reviewing a show. Little did we think we would have to use that argument again.

But you see, "Gambols" concerns us. We did the lyrics—or most of 'em. So that when Mr. Wayburn announces that he has a revue at three dollars top, we think it silly to point out that it is not "This Year of Grace." At six-sixty plus the broker's charge.

It is then a three-dollar show—and if you'll pardon us for saying so, a darned good one for the money. It has some Wayburn dances and dancers—notably Shirley Richards, who swiped the notices, and Olive McClure. It has Libby Holman, who is so much better than her songs that she fools you into thinking her songs are good. It has Charlie Irwin as master of ceremonies. It has Ann Pritchard for more fine dancing, and Fuzzy Knight with his eccentric piano. It has Lew Hearn and Roger Gray, two comics who are far from unknown to you. It has John Byam, who sings a song so you can hear the lyrics. From vaudeville it has recruited Parker and Butler.

The Age of Innocence

We're going to start this review with a frank confession: in the first place, we are just a boob for Edith Wharton. And in the second place, we are just clay in the hands of Katharine Cornell. So if this show gets a favorable write-up, don't be surprised.

When "The Age of Innocence" appeared as a novel, we were among those who ran to the nearest bookstore and bought copies thereof. And what a grand story it was! Margaret Ayer Barnes has turned it into a vehicle for Miss Cornell, and with excellent results.

All of the flavor of the '70s is there, when Twenty-Third Street was away uptown, when Boss Tweed ruled New York, when divorce was a thing almost unknown, when neither Doctor Freud nor sex had been discovered, and when women revealed nothing of their attractions save their unbobbed crowning glory.

It starts a little like that. You say to yourself, "Rats! This is going to be dreadfully quaint and no little boring."

And for the first few moments it is. And then Katharine Cornell comes in and the old picture album comes to vivid life. People begin to stir and feel as Countess Olenska, in love with life and doomed to be cheated by it, weaves her way among them.

Her code—and their code—the code of the '70s—is different from ours. But you are conscious of their loyalty to it. And, in spite of the baffling futility that their conduct leads to, you sympathize with it, you understand it. False gods, maybe, those old gods of conventionality and outward respectability, but you don't despise them in this play. After all, they were gods, and they rank the tribute of a fallen foe.

An excellent performance by Miss Cornell. And by lots of the surrounding company, too. And with due obeisances and genuflections to everybody, including Miss Barnes who wrote it, Mr. McClintic who staged it, and Mr. Miller who produced it, it is still a tribute to Edith Wharton.

The Red Robe

We have hinted before in these columns that operettas are not absolutely imperative matters in our young life. Yet, in spite of the fact that we prefer them only to operas, nobody takes the hint. Producers still continue doing them and audiences liking 'em.

At that "The Red Robe" is far, far above the average of its kind. In addition to perhaps the most personable

of the singing heroes, Walter Woolf, it has Jose Ruben in an important role. A troupier like Ruben can lend something of reality to what must otherwise be an artificial play. It would otherwise have been a little difficult for us to believe that the Chester Hale girls really did a ballet in Cardinal Richelieu's salon.

Mr. Ruben also revised and restaged the piece, so that you can have a nice evening at the Shubert Theatre, even if it is an operetta. The piece is gaudily but neatly mounted, there is some decent comedy, sword-play and the other essentials. Mr. Woolf sings well, and every time he comes out, the women of the audience utter a delighted "Oh-h!" Miss Helen Gilliland adds the love interest. If you must have romantic operettas, you can't go wrong by seeing "The Red Robe." This Miss Gilliland, by the way, is a gift from England.



© Horace Braham and Erin O'Brien Moore in "Street Scene," a great American play.

Ask Me By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. Please be patient if you do not see your answer in these columns immediately. Remember there may be many others before you. Every letter must await its turn. If you wish a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.



☞ The most popular girl of the month with Miss Vee Dee's readers is Laura La Plante. Here's Laura catching up with her fan mail.

SUE of Ole Kentucky. Will I come to your aid. I'd come to your pink tea if you asked me. You can write to Nick Stuart at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Nick was born in Roumania and had his first chance as an extra when 15 years of age at the Fox Studios. Playing with William Boyd in "Dress Parade" were Bessie Love, Hugh Allan, Walter Tennyson, Maurice Ryan, Louis Natheaux and Clarence Geldert. Directed by Donald Crisp.

Patricia from Omagh, Ireland. I love the Irish. All other countries stand by and participate in this sudden outburst of static. Grant Withers was born in 1904 in Kentucky, U. S. A. He is 5 feet 2 inches tall, and weighs 180 pounds. He is under contract to Warner Brothers now. Charles Delaney has been working at the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal., in "The Air Circus." In that film you'll see delightful Sue Carol, charming David Rollins, ingratiating Arthur Lake and irresistible Charlie Delaney. I'm no mean name slinger; attest my previous efforts. I thank you.

A Reader from Kansas City, Mo. If you had given your name and address, you would have had the following information long ago. Awfully sorry, for your concise and right-to-the-point letter deserved attention. Thanks for your kindly interest in SCREENLAND. Gary Cooper was born May 7, 1901, at Helena, Montana. He has dark blue eyes, brown hair, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. His smile takes in the whole world and his serious screen moments have caused many a femme heart to lose a beat or two. His screen activities are confined to Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., though he has been loaned to other companies where his services are in demand. He is to play opposite Lupe Velez in "Wolf Song" for which Lupe was 'borrowed' by Paramount from United Artists.

Dick D. of Chicago. Am I afraid of work? I'm fairly reckless when it comes to

work—just let a fresh bunch of work stare me in the face and I'm off—way off. No one has taken Rudolph Valentino's place on the screen. He made a place for himself that would be hard to fill. Among the new names and faces are, Walter Byron, John Loder, James Ford, Robert Castle, Eddie Nugent and Eddie Quillan.

Elsie Lee of Memphis, Tenn. My greatest pleasure in life is accepting the 'thank you's' for my department and keeping in touch with the stars, that I may be able to pass on the information to you fans. Ralph Forbes' latest films were made for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. He was born in London, England, about 25 years ago. He has blue eyes, blond hair is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. His first screen work was in England in a small part with Clive Brook as the star. He is married to Ruth Chatterton.

Rosalie Z. of N. Y. City. So you think I'm a mere man. I'll give you three more guesses but I warn you, they'll all be wrong. A candidate for the flickers, are you? With your black hair, green eyes, 5 feet 5 inches and 125 pounds, you should go far—and don't let me stop you. A screen test is my suggestion—and an optimistic outlook. You might send your photograph to various studios but I can promise you nothing in return. Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.; Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.; First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., are a few that might give your photo the once-over. I said 'might.'

I. S. of Toronto. It keeps us busy these days counting calories, hearing the latest pictures, to say nothing of seeing them. Life is just one grand round of spinach, lamb-chops, and pineapple. Get thin or get the gate. Dorothy Gulliver has had the lead in "The Collegians" with George Lewis. She played with Arthur Lake in "Sweet Sixteen" comedies. Dorothy was

born in Salt Lake City, Utah, September 6, 1908. Her hair and eyes are dark brown, and she measures 5 feet 2 inches. She is the wife of C. W. DeVito, a director. Alberta Vaughn appears with Belle Bennett and Joe E. Brown in "Molly and Me," a Tiffany-Stahl release.

Jean and Joan of Waterbury, Conn. How time does fly in Waterbury with two such sprightly misses; all wound up and no place to go but the movies, thank your stars. William Haines was discovered way back in 1921. He is the son of a broker, and a business career had been his plan but the movies got him and that doesn't make us mad, does it, fellow-fans? His birth-date is given elsewhere in this department. He is still a happy bachelor, at the ripe old age of 28. Sally O'Neil is 20 years old and Molly O'Day is a younger sister. No one denies the loveliness of Joan Crawford — I'm quite lost in admiration of her myself. Try and find me.

The Montreal Girl. When all others fail, consult me. I'm a regular panic. Gilbert Roland was born in Mexico about 24 years ago. He has black hair and dark brown eyes. His latest film is "The Woman Disputed" with Norma Talmadge. He is not married and I'm not in his confidence as to his heart troubles. The late Rudolph Valentino's brother Albert plays with Leatrice Joy in "Tropic Madness," a recently finished FBO picture. It will be Albert Valentino's first screen appearance, as far as I know.

One Movie-Mad from Prague. This gentle art of 'kidding' that is practiced now and then doesn't mean we haven't a heart of gold or whatever hearts are made of. Sort of poking fun at the world and at myself. Robert Armstrong has had an interesting stage background before going into pictures. He played the part of the prize-fighter in the stage version of "Is Zat So?" for one year in New York and for

nine months in London. He gets his fan mail at the Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. He is married to Ethel Kent, who has been on the stage but has retired. William Boyd and his wife, Elinor Fair, live in Hollywood and are under contract to Pathé, Culver City, Cal. Lionel Barrymore is married to Irene Fenwick and they live in Beverly Hills. His picture career began in 1909 when he played with Mary Pickford in "Friends," a D. W. Griffith film. "The Copperhead," "Boomerang," "The Devil's Garden," and "Jim the Penman" are some of the best-known pictures of his earlier film career.

Dorothy of Tampa, Fla. Cheer up and wring those tears from your eyes. You've had me wringing my hands since I read your appealing letter. Of course Gary Cooper isn't going to leave the screen. Who started that rumor, anyway? Gary plays with Fay Wray in "The First Kiss." Among his older films were "Arizona Bound," "Children of Divorce," and "The Last Outlaw." Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow are not married; neither is Gary Cooper. Bebe Daniels will have a new leading man for her next picture, Robert Castle, the handsome Viennese actor recently signed by Paramount, will be the lucky guy, I hear. Step lively, girls, and get in for the first show.

Lloyd I. of Grand Rapids, Mich. The home of the free and the brave. You furnish the girl, we furnish the home. Greater courage hath no man than that. "The Fall of Babylon" was made in 1919 but I haven't the cast. Thelma Hill was Rose in "The Fair Co-Ed." We do not give personal addresses but your letter to King Vidor, the director, will receive the same attention when sent to the studio. You can address him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A Fan from Hilo, Hawaii. You're sure I've seen all the great motion picture productions since films were first shown—I can't remember that far back but "The Birth of a Nation" started things for me. The cast of "The Barrier" is as follows: Norman Kerry, Henry B. Walthall, Lionel

Barrymore, Marceline Day, Bert Woodruff, George Cooper, Pat Harmon and Eleanor Lawson. Johnny Hines was born July 25, 1895, at Golden, Colorado. He was on the stage 8 years before going into pictures. A list of his films would take too much space but before he made "The Live Wire" and "The Early Bird" he appeared in Torchy Comedies, "Sure Fire Flint," "Burn 'Em Up Barnes," and "Luck."

T. S. of Monson, Mass. You want to know everything about the stars that I can tell you—that's a big order, Thelma, and it would take many issues of SCREENLAND to do that, but keep your bright eyes on these pages and you'll see unfolded many choice bits of information. I don't find a Lane Hallett in the cast of "The Branded Sombbrero," with Buck Jones as star. Buck was Starr Hallett, Stanton Heck was Honest John Hallett and Leo Kelly was Hallett. Just one darned Hallett after another. Eugenia Gilbert was born in East Orange, N. J., but I don't know her birth-date. Jean Arthur was born in Plattsburgh, N. Y., but she doesn't give her age. I believe Jean has been married but isn't now. She is under contract to Paramount.

Billy the Kid from Panama. You may be sure I'll keep your secret about Priscilla Dean, your latest queen of hearts. Yes, I'm somewhat of a joker, myself. Priscilla was born and educated in New York City. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. She was on the stage in stock and vaudeville before going into pictures. One of her last releases, "Birds of Prey," was with Hugh Allan. Some of her older films were "The Conflict," "Wild Honey," "Under Two Flags," "The Flame of Life," and "Drifting." Priscilla is the wife of Leslie P. Arnold, a round-the-world aviator.

Evelyn S. of Hull, Quebec. I'm not a bit high-hat. I've risked life and limb to get close-ups of the screen stars for you fans. Greta Nissen plays with Ben Lyon in "Hell's Angels." Martha Sleeper and Antonio Moreno are in the cast with Ben in "The Air Legion." Pauline Garon dashes about from one studio to another and I haven't her permanent address. She played in "Riley of the Rainbow Division" with Creighton Hale, and in "Must We Marry?" with Vivian Rich and Lorraine Eason. Mae Murray is on the stage and has not announced any screen plans for the immediate future. Jacqueline Logan is playing in "Nothing to Wear" at Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Red Top from Rialto, Cal. How would you go about getting a little boy into "Our Gang?" I'll bite, how would I? We'll now go on with our setting-up exercises. Bob McGowan is the main stem of "Our Gang" and can be addressed at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Dix is 34 years old. He makes his pictures at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. A former extra girl, Gladys Belmont of Pueblo, Colo., is Richard's leading lady in his new picture, "Redskin."

Eugenia D. from Sydney. Another message from Australia. You want me to convey to your favorite screen stars, tidings of good will and hearty congratulations upon their past, present and future success. I'll see that your favorite players get all that's coming to them. Since filming "Sharp Shooters," George O'Brien has made "Honor Bound," "Noah's Ark," and



Joan Crawford isn't the only girl who likes Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Almost every letter this month asked about this young man who has risen so rapidly in the past few months. He made good in "A Woman of Affairs" and carries on in "Modern Maidens."

"Fog." As I write this, he is working on "The Case of Mary Brown." Charlie Farrell's pictures since "7th Heaven" was released are, "Street Angel," "The Red Dance," "Fazil," and he is now making "Our Daily Bread." Richard Dix has made "Easy Come, Easy Go," "Warming Up," and "Moran of the Marines" since he appeared in "Sporting Goods" with Nancy Carroll.

Lois from Penna. Thank you for your sincere praise of SCREENLAND; we've got the personality all right, so watch me spread it. Paddy O'Flynn must have spread some of the aforesaid personality too, from the amount of questions I've had from his friends. Atta boy, Paddy; knock 'em dead! His address is Box 386, Hollywood, Cal. Paddy was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., but grew up in Canada. He has brown curly hair, Irish blue eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 150 pounds, and, be gorra, he's married!

A Richard Dix Fan of Indianapolis. You don't need to apologize for being inquisitive—that's every girl's privilege and I'm here with the last gasp of reliable information. The birthdays of the stars are a never-ending pain in the neck—why do they have birthdays? There should be a law against that. Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891, but by the time you read this, he will have stumbled over another mile stone. Mr. Colman has no children. I can't give you the life of Richard Dix—it's his own. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall, weighs 185 pounds and is a peach of a fellow.

C. E. E. from Augusta, Kans. I may be a promising young lady but that doesn't
(Continued on page 96)



The fans are more interested in Dorothy Janis than in any other newcomer right now, according to Miss Vee Dee. Dorothy wants you to admire her glove-ringing, a fad in Hollywood.

Home-Life — a la Hollywood

☞ William deMille, the Director, and Clara Beranger, the Scenario Writer, are Mister and Missus.

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☞ He is—besides Cecil's brother—a fine director in his own right. He is doing talking pictures now, from Miss Beranger's scenarios.

☞ Below: the home of William C. deMille, where Clara Beranger deMille presides from tea-time till breakfast.

☞ Here is Clara Beranger's studio-home across the hill from her husband's, where she spends her days at work.



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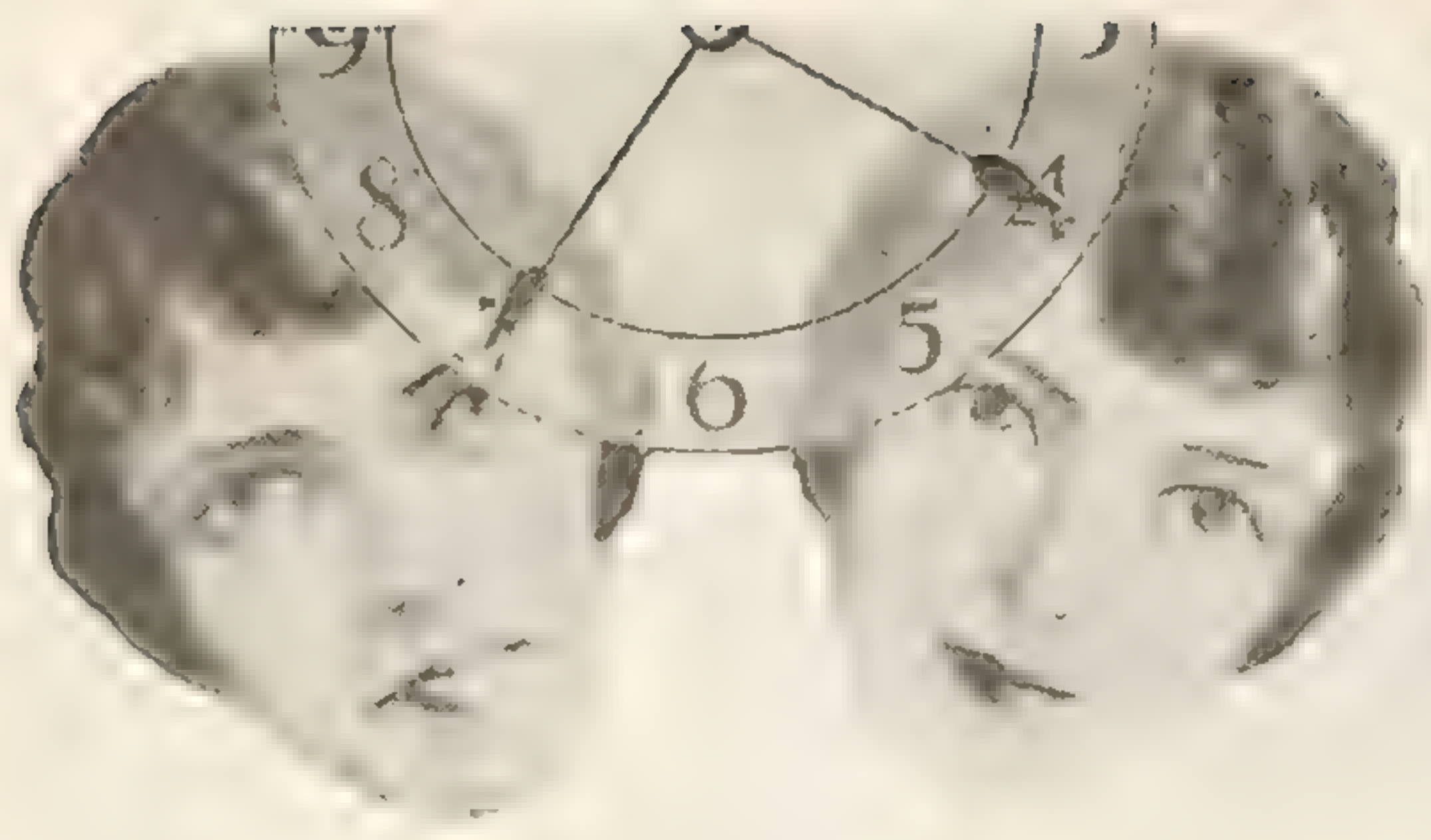
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DEALERS INVITED

Going Places, Meeting People and Doing Things — Continued from page 31

and his plate on the floor.

"Oh, yes," answered Ben gaily, "or anybody else's!"

"I DON'T know how Rosabelle manages to look so fresh in all this crush!" exclaimed Patsy, as we entered the big living room of the palatial home of Carl Laemmle, President of Universal, and beheld the bride, daughter of Mr. Laemmle, receiving on a sort of raised dais, with the wall behind her a solid mass of flowers. She looked very sweet in her wonderful lace gown, and though she must have been standing for an hour or two, since the great house was full of guests, she looked as fresh as a daisy. Her husband is Stanley Bergerman, a Los Angeles business man, and he was aiding Carl, Jr. to receive at the door.

We met Glenn Tryon and his wife, and Glenn pretended to be in a very prissy social mood, delivering comic bromides at every turn.

"I just saw Carl Laemmle," remarked Glenn solemnly.

"I'll bet he was crying at losing his daughter," remarked Patsy.

"Yes, he was," said Glenn, "but I told him he was not losing a daughter, but was gaining a son!"

Then he smiled brightly, as though he had made the most original remark in the world.

"I want to see the gifts," said Patsy.

"Oh, I was in there," answered Glenn. "I thought the room was full of guests, but I found they were all detectives!"

Patsy decided that if a whole host of detectives had been engaged to guard the presents she simply couldn't miss seeing the things another minute.

We found a whole room full of the most beautiful things,—silver, cloisonne, enamels, handsome dinner sets of costly materials, paintings, rare clocks—all the sort of things that a bride would adore.

Flowers were everywhere in the great house, of course, and down in the den, where supper was to be served, were two tables covered with fruits and flowers and bearing huge bridal cakes topped with tiny figures of bride and groom.

We encountered George Lewis and his sweet wife, Mary Lou, and George laughingly told us that there were so many cars outside that he had "parked his car away down at Santa Monica and walked up."

We met Laura LaPlante and Bill Seiter, her husband, the director, and Laura said that the presents made her quite green with envy.

Down there in the Indian den, which is below the living room, the vibrations of the music and dancers from above or something made a handsome Indian statue fall from its shelf and break. Carl, Jr., must have felt badly about its loss, but he merely smiled and remarked that "the Indian is more natural now,—most Indians are broke anyhow!"

Seating ourselves on a stone bench which curves into a corner of the room behind a flowery bower, we caught glimpses of the guests.

Reginald Denny and his bride came in, and Mrs. Denny,—who such a short time ago was Bubbles Steifels, film player, you know—said that, but for the wedding, they too would still be honeymooning up in Denny's cabin in the San Bernardino

mountains, where the two go fishing and hunting, and where little Bubbles is learning how to cast a fly in trout fishing.

Rod LaRoque came in for a little while, but didn't stay long, as his wife, Vilma Banky, was working that evening, and he had shortly to call for her, he said.

Agnes Christine Johnson came running in to tell us that a slight accident had just befallen the bride—one of the candles illuminating the flowery wall behind her had set fire to her bridal veil, but a hundred gallant hands had sprung to the rescue, so there was only a small burned place in it. Rosabelle, it seems, had behaved with admirable coolness.

A big orchestra played in the living room, and we saw Carmel Myers dancing with William J. Craft, the director, and there were Paul Leni, the German director, Wesley Ruggles, Nat Ross, Julius Stern, Tom Reed, B. P. Schulberg, Edward Laemmle and his wife and many others.

The bridal pair slipped away after a while, leaving the rest of us to sup and dance.

We talked a little with President Laemmle, and learned that he felt that he just couldn't dispense with Rosabelle as a housekeeper. So she and her husband are to live with him. Rosabelle has run the house ever since she was in her early teens, when her mother passed away, and I don't think that either her father or her brother could do without her ministrations.

"Oh, just about everybody is going to the Breakfast Club to May McAvoy's party!" exclaimed Patsy.

We went over to this popular and beautiful Club in the San Fernando Valley with Price Dunlavey, organist at the United Artists Theater, going first to the cute little log cabin they call the Dog House, for hors d'oeuvre and ginger ale, after which everybody repaired to the huge Club house breakfast room.

Lois Wilson arrived with Theodore Von Eltz just as we were going in, and then we caught sight of our lovely little hostess!

May is looking so pretty these days with her blond hair. But she says that her hair is rapidly turning gray! She wore a white lace dress, which gave her quite an angelic appearance. Her mother, looking handsome and grand dame-ish as usual, dressed in black velvet, was helping May receive, and of course her fiancé, Maurice Cleary, that handsome Irishman and very clever lawyer, was there.

"Oh, there are Claire Windsor and Grant Withers!" exclaimed Patsy. "This is the second time this week that I've seen them out together. I wonder about Buddy Rogers!"

"Oh, well, Claire went to Agua Caliente one day last week with Buddy and a party," said Price. "So I guess that it isn't really off between them. I think Buddy's sister is here visiting."

Claire looked nice dancing with Grant, he is so tall. Anita Stewart, looking gorgeous in a white gown with white ermine coat, came with her fiancé, George Converse, who is a charming man, we found; and Ruth and Ben Bard were there, together of course.

"It did seem as though Ruth's engagement ring would be all worn out before ever she and Ben got married, but now

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BELMONT SHOPPE
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their wedding is announced for Valentine's Day," confided Patsy.

That cute little Pauline Garon arrived with James Aye, with whom she seems to be going about a lot of late; Mary McAllister was with a gay young blade of a musician, Robert Smith; Harold Lloyd of course had brought Mildred, and Kathleen Williams came with her husband, Charles Eyton. She looks very charming.

Virginia Valli was with Charles Farrell, just as she always is these days, and we hear whispers of an engagement more strongly than ever; and Marion Douglas came with her husband, Albert Rogell.

We dined at long tables in the Club room, and danced to the music of an exceedingly good orchestra.

Wayne Baker, a Los Angeles business man who once was engaged to Marion, had brought his lovely young wife, and everything was pleasant even when Wayne danced with Marion and Albert Rogell with Mrs. Baker.

When the big party was over, a lot of us went to May McAvoy's house, where Anita Stewart sang to us in that lovely voice of hers, and Price Dunlavy played the piano. The butler built a big fire in the fireplace, and we all gathered around it and chatted, except those who wished to dance to the music of the radio.

"This, I think," whispered Patsy, "is the very nicest part of the whole party!"

May's engagement to Maurice Cleary had already been announced at a party given by Carmel Myers, and May told us that she and Maurice meant to be married in June, and that they would eventually take a trip to Europe together.

"MABEL NORMAND is to be given a birthday surprise party!" exclaimed Patsy, one morning, as she had driven over to give me a glimpse of her new style of bob, and to tell me the latest news from Hollywood. "Doris Arbuckle is giving it, and Doris is such a darling of a hostess, I shall cry if she doesn't invite us."

Sure enough, the invitation arrived in due course, and we went down to Beverly Hills to the big, homey house where Doris lives, accompanied by Karl Brown, the director who made "Stark Love" up in the Tennessee Mountains, and who has just arrived from a year's stay in the South Seas, where he went to make a survey for Paramount regarding the likelihood of being able to get a new idea for a story for a picture to be made down there.

Doris received us with her smile and her dimples, and we found Mabel Normand looking sweet in a beautiful white-beaded evening gown.

Mabel told us that she had received simply mountains of flowers that day.

"So many they made me cry," she acknowledged.

But we also learned that Mabel had bundled herself and the flowers into her automobile, and had taken most of them to orphan asylums and hospitals that afternoon.

We said hello to Emmett Flynn, who came over to congratulate Mabel on her birthday, and then he asked her, "Where is your menace—Lew?" meaning Mabel's husband, Lew Cody.

It seems that Lew was preparing for a long trip, and had had a lot of things to do, so he hadn't come to the party. So we put up a job on him, telephoning him after he had gone to bed that Mabel was crying

because he wasn't with us. Whereupon Lew put a big smoking jacket over his pajamas, hopped into his car and came over to stick his head in the door and kiss Mabel and say hello to everybody, and then dashed home again.

"Oh, look who's here!" exclaimed Patsy.

The new guest was none other than Roscoe Arbuckle, who used to work with Mabel in Mack Sennett pictures, you know. He had come over to wish his old working pal many happy returns of the day.

"Hello, Oscar!" Mabel called out. She used always to call Fatty, Oscar, in the old days, I guess nobody knows just why.

Doris and Roscoe were very nice to each other, and I believe they are good friends, even though they are separated from each other from a marital standpoint. I hear that Fatty wants very much to make up with his beautiful young wife, but she simply will not do it.

Priscilla Dean came with her husband, the famous aviator, Lieut. Leslie Arnold, and Arnold and Karl Brown had a lot of fun swapping stories about how neither had been able to find a spot on the earth's surface not penetrated by the movies and electric lights and French heels.

"Why, even in Iceland," said Lieut. Arnold, "they are very blasé about everything up-to-date."

"And as for the South Sea Isles," remarked Brown, "All the girls wear French dresses, and these paraus and grass dresses are entirely passé. What a world!"

Billie Dove and Irvin Willat were there, and Billie told us that Irvin has taken to buying apartment houses as a side line to directing.

Ona Brown, divorced wife of Clarence Brown, was there with her fiancé, Harvey Barnes; and there were Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning, Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rockett, Sharon Lynn, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ford, Jackie Saunders and her husband, J. Ward Cohen, Billy Joy, Leatrice's brother, and a number of others.

Dolores Del Rio came later, looking very lovely, along with Mr. and Mrs. Finis Fox, and Edwin Carewe came almost at the tail end of the party.

After the buffet supper had been served, and Mabel had carved her cake, she sat down on the floor amidst her gifts to open them.

That was a lot of fun. Billy Joy had put a dollar bill in a beautiful purse, and Mabel said that she was going to iron out the bill and frame it.

Priscilla Dean had given her a couple of lovely lamps in the form of crystal elephants, and Mabel called out to Priscilla: "Hey, there, dearie, you're just married! You'd better save your money!"

And when Roscoe Arbuckle stepped over to speak to her, Mabel admonished him "not to step on her elephants!"

Later a colored entertainer sang and danced for us, and then everybody danced who wanted to.

Very late arrived Mabel's chauffeur. And he was wearing Lew Cody's shirt and trousers!

"And how do you know," Karl Brown inquired, "that that was not Lew dressed in his own clothes and the driver's cap and goggles?"

We left ever so late—at the time, as Patsy put it, that the title-writer would have described as "Came the dawn!"

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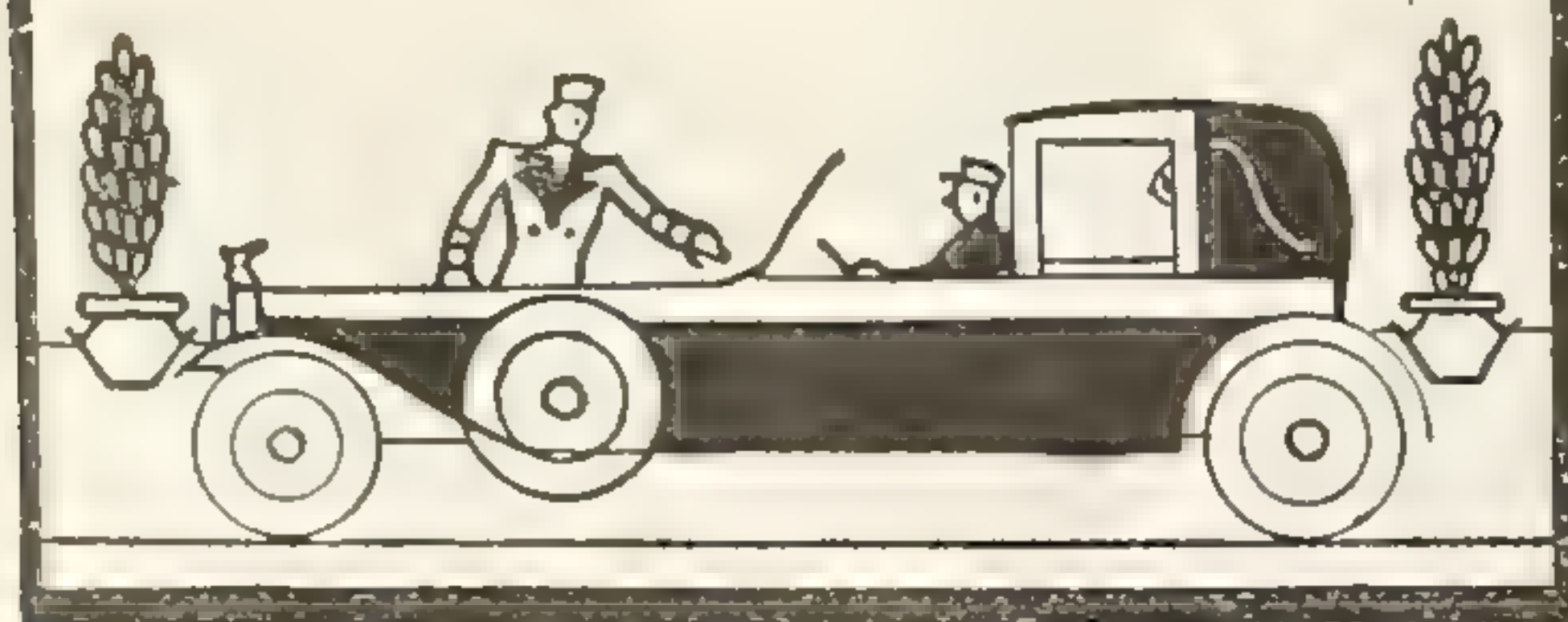
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Ask Me—Continued from page 87

mean I'm engaged. Mere words! Phyllis Haver is 29 years old and her real name is Phyllis O'Haver. Mary Brian is 20. Olive Borden is 20 years old and uses her own name in pictures. Mary Brian's next film is "Someone to Love" opposite Buddy Rogers.

R. T. Q. from Winnipeg. You have the right idea—when in haste wire your letters. All cables, telegrams, and radio messages will be taken care of in due season. Owen Moore is the husband of Kathryn Perry and Tom Moore is one of Owen's brothers. Tom plays with Seena Owen in "His Last Haul," produced by FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Both the Moore boys take a flier on the stage now and then. Owen played with Alice Joyce in "The Marriage Bed," in its Los Angeles and San Francisco runs. Alice, by the way, is now making a talker: "The Squall."

Gwennie from Brookline, Mass. You think you should get a lot of information from me—you can't always tell about me; I have to watch my sub-titles like the dickens. Colleen Moore is one of First National's best bets. She was born in Port Huron, Ohio, August 8, 1902. She has straight brown hair, one blue and one brown eye, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Colleen's latest release is "Synthetic Sin" with Tony Moreno as her handsome leading man. Her next is "Early To Bed."

Rex Lease Admirer from N. Y. Just because 'ASK ME' is in the back of the book is no reason we're behind—far from it. Truth is, I'm feeling very cocky about it. Cock-a-doodle-do! And have you noticed our snappy new dress? Your favorite, Rex Lease, was born February 11, 1903, at Central City, Va. He has brown hair, green eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He is married but separated from his wife. He has been in pictures since 1924.

A Curious Finn from Baltimore. Sounds fishy to me but as far back as I can remember, I've never had a star walk right up to me and say, "I'm from Finland." But get me right on this: I'll be happy to announce and introduce any player who hails from the Republic of Finland. Hurrah!

Waiting Lou of Milwaukee. Just give me a little time to find out how old your favorites are—I really can't kid the stars into telling me their ages but Malcolm McGregor was awfully nice about telling me everything he knew. He was born in New York City, October 13, 1896. He is married and has a young daughter, Joan. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. He plays in "The Girl of the Barge," with Sally O'Neil and Jean Hersholt.

Artist from Houston, Texas. Your question has kept your Aunt Vee Dee awake many nights but I've run the darned thing down at last. Away back 5 years ago, Rolf Armstrong made a cover for SCREENLAND of Gloria Swanson. To be exact, Gloria appeared on the November issue of 1923. Paul Hesse made the cover design of Gloria on the November 1925 issue.

Lucy of Montreal, Que. Why do we go 'down cellar' to raise the roof? Just a little

American custom and for no good reason. You can address Arthur Lake at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where he is making "Harold of Hollywood." You will see and hear him in "The Air Circus" with Sue Carol, Louise Dresser and David Rollins. John Mack Brown plays in "Annapolis" with Jeanette Loff and Hugh Allan.

Olive and Boots from Portsmouth, O. They tell me I'm one of the amusing details on this magazine but can I prove it? Raymond Keane and Pat O'Malley played with Laura La Plante in "The Midnight Sun." William Collier, Jr., did not play in "West Point." William Haines did. Neither William is married. Collier can be reached at Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., where he will be for some time filming 'talkies.' Olive Borden plays in "Stool Pigeons" produced by Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Write to Ronald Colman at Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro and William Haines can be found at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

M. S. and M. E. S. of Anna, Ill. Do I have to work long hours? No, just for the fun of it. Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Mich. He is about 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married and has three children. When not working at the studio, he spends his time with his family on his Wyoming ranch. Ramon Novarro is not married but William Boyd is to Elinor Fair.

Claudette Mars from Pittsburg. You want good advice on just how to get on the stage or in the movies. Why ask me? If I knew how, I'd be a howling success myself, now that the 'talkies' are with us. Kenneth Thomson was born in your city. He has black hair, brown eyes, and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. Joseph Schildkraut was born Oct. 9, 1895, in Vienna, Austria. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Joseph is a fine violinist, as well as an actor. Larry Kent was born Sept. 15, 1900. His real name is Henri Trumbell.

Debs, Upper Montclair, N. J. Dorothy Davenport, the wife of the late Wallie Reid, is well-known in Hollywood and I believe if you address her, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Hollywood, Cal., she will get your letter. She was born in Boston, Mass. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. Gilbert Roland played opposite Norma Talmadge in "Camille."

Lya of Brooklyn. I'm glad to lend the helping hand; I'm not so good on foot work. Ben Lyon is not married. He has been working for some time at FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., filming "Air Legion." Marion Davies is 30 years old. She has golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weighs 123 pounds. She has a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Look and listen! She expects to make a talking picture and is training her voice to that end. Her first talker will probably be "The Five O'Clock Girl."

Billie and Madge of Ky. Who's related

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*See Page 106
Of This Issue*

to whom? Well, the V. D. family is not related even remotely to the BVD's. Mary Brian and Jean Arthur are not sisters, though there is a resemblance, isn't there? Jean played with Richard Dix in "Warming Up," a Paramount film. Betty Bronson is not married. She is in "The Singing Fool" with Al Jolson. Carmel Myers was the 'vamp' in "Demi-Bride," starring Norma Shearer. Lloyd Hughes was born Oct. 21, 1897, in Bisbee, Arizona. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes. Ben Lyon was born Feb. 6, 1901, in Atlanta, Ga. He has dark brown hair, dark blue eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Jacqueline Logan has auburn hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her latest picture is "Charge of the Gauchos" with Francis X. Bushman from the FBO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gustave M. of Detroit. You can take off your hat to me any old time. Just see if I care. Your sincere praise of **SCREENLAND** is much appreciated and proves our magazine is a ray of sunshine in many drab days. Mary Pickford can be reached at Mary Pickford Co., 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Lillian Gish has been in Europe. Her latest American-made films were "The Enemy" with Ralph Forbes, and "The Wind" with Lars Hanson. Lillian was born in Springfield, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1896. She has light brown hair, blue-gray eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Miss Gish is now in Hollywood making her first United Artists picture under the direction of Max Reinhardt. Pola Negri has gone to Europe to make her future pictures, I hear.

N. D. of Indianapolis. I'm sorry, wrong number; excuse it, please. Does Richard Dix know how many telephone operators are busy about him? Oh, pshaw, and other high explosive remarks, they've cut us off again! Your favorites, Bill Boyd, Richard Dix, and Ramon Novarro, are this month's best bets in my fan mail. Ruth Lee Taylor is 21 years old. She was in "Just Married" with James Hall. Ruth's next offering will be "Domestic Love." Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman are not married again.

Marion A. of Honolulu. Greetings! It must be wonderful to be as far off as you are. You ask: is Ronald Colman going to marry Vilma Banky? Where in Hawaii been not to know that Vilma is the happy wife of Rod La Rocque? John Gilbert has a little daughter but I do not know her age. I believe Janet Gaynor lives with her mother in Hollywood but you can address her at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. You will find many addresses of the stars in my department but I'll be glad to furnish you with more if you'll write me.

Miss Annabelle Lee, Mich. Am I funny? I hadn't noticed it but most of us hide a grin when we look at each other. Virginia Lee Corbin was born in Prescott, Arizona, Dec. 5, 1910. She has light brown hair and blue eyes. I haven't a record of any recent screen activity of this pretty blonde but when she bobs up again, I'll let you know. Does Ramon Novarro answer his fan mail very soon? As soon as can be expected with a steady diet of over 4,000 letters per month. You can address him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

The Most Misunderstood Woman

(Continued from page 55)

well as beautiful thing, she shopped for it herself. Some things she had made. Her living room, though not too large, gives an appearance of vastness because of a very high ceiling. Everything in the room is exaggerated in size yet graceful and lovely. A particularly interesting thing is a wing chair whose back is about two feet higher than the ordinary chair. It is upholstered in old ivory brocaded satin and edged with American beauty chenille. It is easily the most dominating thing in the room yet it blends into the rest of the furniture so that it is not too conspicuous. Seated upon it, with a massive silver tea service before her, with her sleek dark head, sloe eyes and mysterious smile, she made a very lovely picture.

"I think we must get a screen for that fire, Elizabeth," she said to her comely and capable Finnish maid. "That last wood we brought is behaving very badly. It has an adventurous spirit and pops over here to see what we are doing at the most unexpected moments!"

She was rather concerned about the cake, a rich pastry that she had directed the making of that afternoon after an old recipe of her mother's. It was very rich, with several layers and different kinds of preserve between each layer.

Jetta speaks with the most extraordinary accent I have ever heard. It is as fascinating as her appearance. It is as though she had spoken French as a child and learned English in England, not America. But then there is a peculiar guttural quality to certain of her words that I have come to associate with a patrician type of English-speaking German and that I couldn't account for in Jetta. Then I remembered that her father was Dutch. The other two accents I decided came from her mother who was a French woman, and the years of her childhood in which Jetta lived in a province of India settled by the English. So I finally got her straightened out in my mind.

From what I know of Jetta Goudal I think she is misunderstood when she is called temperamental. She has a decided opinion about the characters she plays and it does not always conform to the idea the director has of the part. This has been held against her.

"But after all," she said, "I am the one who has to play the part and how can I make it convincing unless it is clear in my own mind? It is the privilege of the studio to engage an actress who *does* see the character their way; but if they engage me they will have to let me play it as I feel it." A perfectly sane ultimatum!

Mrs. Alfred E. Hansen, of 760 - 14th Street, San Francisco, California, submitted the cleverest answer to the Laura La Plante Contest offered in the January issue of SCREENLAND, and wins the award—a Corona Portable Typewriter. Laura says she is sorry she had only one typewriter to give away—she had a hard time picking the winner, all the letters were so good!



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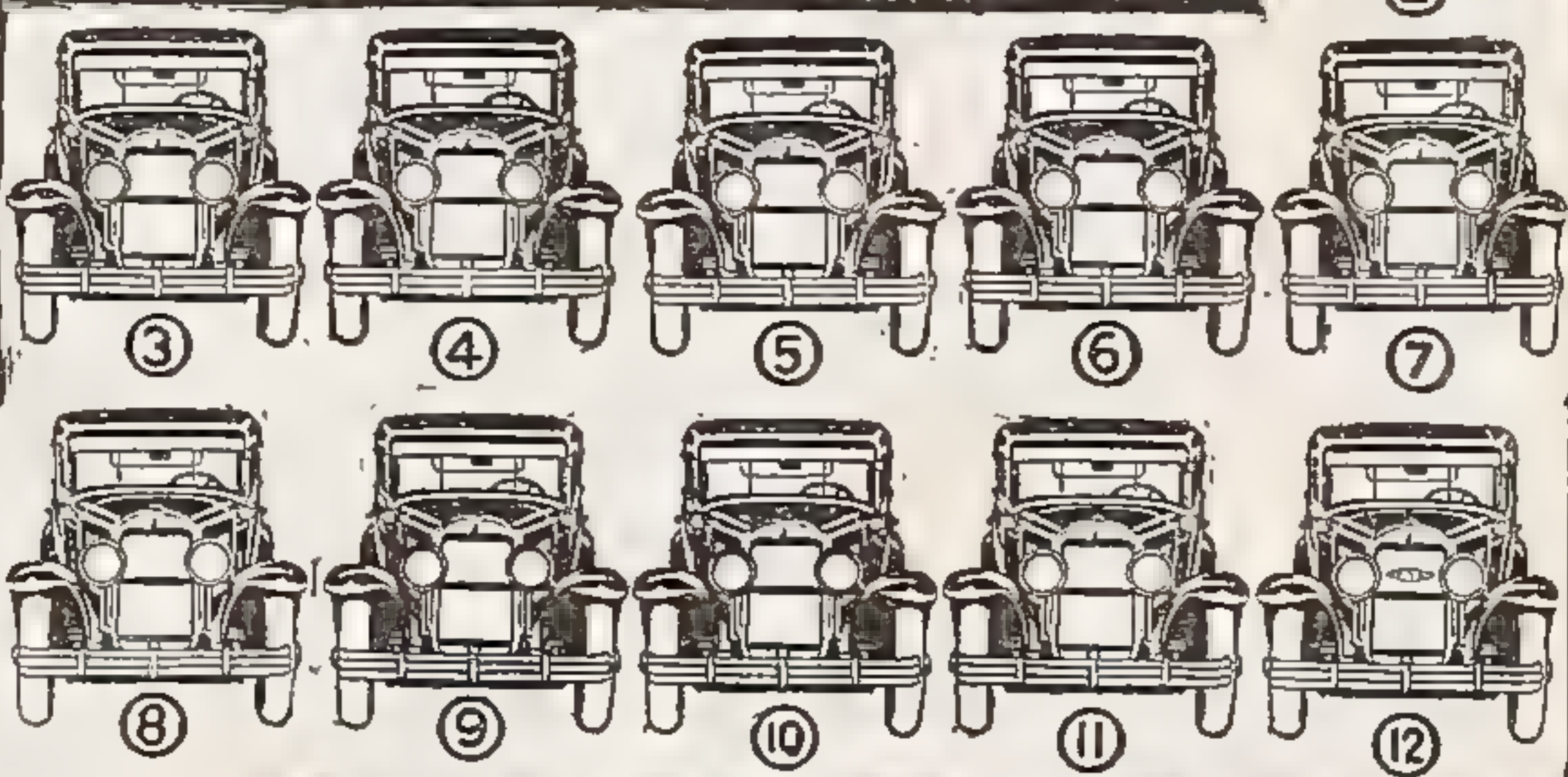
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Lois Wilson

(Continued from page 44)

wedding ring is safely fitted on her finger that his sweet clinging vine is a scheming, unscrupulous, dishonest little wretch."

On the other hand, nine out of ten women have a soft spot for the masterful male, according to Lois Wilson.

"Women are the weaker sex. I know I'll have my own sex on my neck but I believe it. We're weaker in everything and that's the way it was meant to be. Gertrude Ederles are the exception, not the rule."

Going deeper into the fascinating subject of the 'not impossible he' who might lure her into visiting the marriage license bureau, Lois remembered that as a child she had always declared she was going to marry an Englishman.

"I don't know why unless my father's Canadian birth influenced me but it's more likely that their strong, silent reserve pictured in song and story fired my childish imagination.

"He who mine heart would hold for long

Must be a gentle man and strong."

"Sounds sentimental but that's just the kind of man I mean. I haven't a concrete picture of him in my mind but I think he should be dark. I hate a party man—what's known as a good mixer. I hope he'll love books and traveling and tennis as I do, but it will be enough if he just appreciates my point of view. Now, I loathe prize fights but if my husband liked them, it would be all right with me, so long as he didn't expect me to go with him.

"The minute a man tells me what to do or what not to do, with sufficient firmness, that instant I stop, look, and listen! The ideal man must be wiser than I.

"I think marriage is the ideal state, but of course all husbands are not perfect. I can't bear the kind of man who criticises his wife in public, or corrects her when she's telling a story. 'Oh no, he didn't say that! You're getting it all tail end first, as usual!' You've heard them. And I don't like husbands who utterly ignore their wives at a party. I don't mean that I'd expect my husband to court me all evening, but I should like him to pay me enough attention so that everyone present would know that I was still queen of his heart.

"There are many faults in wives, though. Some women are mean—yes, they are! They're not good sports about things. We'll have to start that league to protect men!

"For all that in the abstract I am in favor of marriage, I notice that I scarcely ever think about it while I'm working," confessed Lois, with a whimsical little smile. "I get terribly interested in my picture and nothing else exists. But just let me be idle for a few weeks and my eyes begin roving. I see a good-looking man at a party, perhaps, become interested, even a bit thrilled, and then—I'm called to the studio and I forget him!"

The Modern Maid

(Continued from page 47)

her possibilities are really exciting.

Being naturally built with the grace of a Grecian Goddess, line registers when it is put on her. She is rhythm personified. She makes movement interesting—and movement can be ugly. She has not yet become unconscious of her movements; when she has acquired that art she will be even more striking.

Joan's type is purely American; with the

garnish of European training it could be remarkable.

Joan does not dress to her type really. She has created a vivacious creature purely her own; or rather the girl of college outbursts. The clothes are too uniform to be considered seriously—so I will tell you what she could be and perhaps will develop into.

She could wear clothes with a charm to be envied by every woman before the public eye, but unfortunately her pictures have called for such freedom and raciness that clothes have been almost incidental.

If you are the Crawford type you can have a perfect orgy of line. The short and peacock train dress was originally created for you. You need never fear the Princess line, which is the envy of all women but the horror to most. As you have no hips you can put quantities on them from bustles to bouffants. Chiffons find a definite meaning and become filmy draperies rather than cheesecloth frights. Flowers on your shoulder become amazingly original instead of the most banal excuse for flattering color. Glitter becomes important and simplicity almost regal.

Black is a perfect setting for almost red hair and if you are the Joan type your hair has a red tinge. Almond green, white, periwinkle blue and red are colors that suit you. Sunburn is ideal and with your red hair and brown skin you are original.

Everything you wear becomes doubly interesting if it has action. Particularly your hats and your sports clothes. As you are very definite you must wear very definite clothes and neutral colors are not a help.

You should not wear your hair too fluffy in spite of a tendency to do so.

In "Dream of Love" Joan Crawford had an opportunity to wear really important gowns. She wore them with such distinction that it proved to me her flare for them. When she looks best in her clothes I am sure she feels the most uncomfortable! When line means everything I know she is longing to shatter it by a thousand whirls and spins!

Her personality is bound to register one hundred percent, and you will always be absorbed in her vital forces; but clothes are always simply to cover up anatomy wherever it is possible, and to be sure there is enough to cover!



☞ This lovely lady is Bodil Rosing, one of the cleverest character actresses in pictures. And did you know that in private life she is the proud mother-in-law of Monte Blue and grandmother of Baby Blue?

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Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

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Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

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Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

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Bringing Beauty to Every Girl

Continued from page 71

by continuity of effort. You can't take care of your face one night and neglect it for a week of nights and still expect to start a flaming Civil War among your male acquaintances. Before you can become an acknowledged beauty, you must indulge in a little cosmetic charity. You must join the largest feminine organization in the world, the Order of the Little Sisters of the Pores.

"In my Paris and London salons, I have cared for the beauty of Empresses and Queens, of Princesses and Duchesses. One of the loveliest of these was the late Empress of Austria, who was assassinated some years ago in Switzerland. She used to come in-cognito and spend several weeks each year with me in Paris. There I received no more than four clients at a time. Each client received the exclusive attention of some six attendants. I loved this work. But I am sincere in saying that I am more interested in helping a great number of average women to be attractive than in assisting the exceptional few. To me, it is more wonderful to assist human beings to be beautiful than it is to paint a marvelous picture or carve a lovely statue. For pictures and statues can't walk and breathe, love and be happy. And humans can.

"For this reason I want to help all of you make the most of your beauty, to help you approximate your ideal of looking like the Dove, the Garbo, the Bow. Many of you have specific problems which can't be answered in any general article. And to these, if you will write me, I shall be glad to give the advice you need, without cost. However, the average woman falls into one of two classes.

"Either you are a Billie Dove or a Greta Garbo. Billie we use to illustrate women with moist skins. And Greta for women with dry skins. No, you red-heads are not forgotten. You Clara Bows are just like the Greta Garbos, for the red-head and the blonde are sisters under the skin. But here, let me make one point clear. All brunettes may not be like Billie. Nor all blondes like Greta. A brunette may have a dry skin. Or a blonde a moist one. It is for you to decide into which classification your skin goes. But for general convenience we have put the blondes and red-heads in the dry class and the brunettes in the moist.

"Now to business. There is too much flummery in this beauty struggle. Too much waste money. Too much waste motion. It is not necessary to load down your dressing table like the cosmetic section of a drug store. A few good preparations carefully and consistently chosen and used will make your skin the smooth, vital, velvety covering it was intended to be.

"First we'll take you girls with the moist skin. Say you are a brunette with an exceedingly fair skin. But alas, it is inclined to be moist. Or maybe oily, if we're frank. And worse and worse, perhaps blackheads are delving into your pretty round chin and into the whiteness of your well-shaped nose. You use cleansing cream carefully and faithfully. But still these little black pests won't budge. You are almost in despair.

"But you need not be. This is the sort of skin that—prepare yourself for a shock—needs to be washed. Regardless of others who say, never wash your face, this type

of skin must be washed. But soap, even the purest, will chap and roughen a complexion of this texture. Therefore, about three times a week, at night, after your day's work in the office or in the theatre or in the house is done, moisten the face with warm water and wash it well with paste. Rinse thoroughly and dry. Next massage the face thoroughly with cream. Rubbing the face up and the throat down. Always the throat must be rubbed down. Carefully wipe off this cream. Never except in unusual cases, leave cream on overnight. Perhaps a little left around and under the eyes will prove beneficial. But never leave any on the nose or chin. Finish off with a dash of ice or a little astringent.

"The next morning before you rush off to work or to play, cleanse your face with cream again, wipe off carefully, dash on cold water or ice or astringent. And you are ready for the day. The name of the paste and cream suitable for your type of skin will be sent upon request.

"Mind you, I am giving you just the basic treatments for I realize many of you girls haven't a large amount of money to spend on cosmetics. And, naturally, as we all do, you want to make your money go as far as possible. This treatment will satisfy what I term the 'housecleaning' needs of the average skin of this kind. I know it. Because it's what I use on my own. I am of that type myself.

"Now girls, let's take another deep breath and go into the question of the blondes and red-heads, of the Gretas and Claras. Your problem is harder. For your skin is like a delicate piece of chiffon, fine in texture, sensitive; and when cared for, inexpressibly lovely. Yes, I'll have to admit it, the loveliest in the world. However, and here's where we brunettes score over you, its loveliness is more perishable and must be guarded against weather and time.

"To preserve this fresh type of beauty, you must follow the same directions given to brunettes. You must wash your face two or three times a week. But instead of a paste, you must use grains. These grains will remove all whiteheads, blackheads and dead cuticle. And you must follow the treatment with a cream. But a different cream than the brunettes used.

"The following morning you need the same treatment given the brunettes but using a different cream, the same as you used at night.

"After several weeks of faithful work, you will begin to see your blackheads and whiteheads and dead cuticle disappear. But you must keep these treatments up. For they are like the general housecleaning that you give your home every Monday and Friday, we will say.

"But what would happen if you only cleaned house every Monday and Friday, and didn't dust or oil floors or put fresh flowers in the vases every day? The house would become dirty, unattractive and unwholesome. And so will your skin, unless each day, and every day, you care for it, give it the little touches that every competent woman gives her home.

"There are three steps to beauty which must be followed by every exquisite woman every day. To carry them out one day and forget two or three will achieve nothing towards your personal loveliness.

Beauty, as I have said before, is only gained by continuity of effort. Therefore, every day, summer and winter, spring and autumn, the three steps to beauty must be undertaken by the Billies, the Gretas, and the Claras alike:

1. The skin must be cleansed.
2. The skin must be fed.
3. The skin must be braced and toned.

Different creams must be utilized by moist skins and dry skins. And advice will be sent upon request.

"These three steps to beauty can be carried out in five minutes time daily. Less than thirty hours a year to achieve the beauty which is the key to wealth, fame, society, popularity and happiness, so 'A Gentlewoman' says in 'The Technique of the Love Affair.' Who would not give it gladly?

"These directions complete the care of the average skin. But, alas, there are many of us suffering from special defects. Perhaps your eyes have been troubling you and you have frowned constantly, causing those two wrinkles to form between the eyes. Again you are of a happy disposition and laugh frequently, and find, to your dismay, little laugh wrinkles forming around your eyes. Or you may be turning twenty-five and feel you would like some special treatment to ward off that relaxed look around the throat which visits every woman when she glides from the late twenties into the early thirties. Or you may have a mild case of acne, pimples, or even a severe attack of this beauty-destroying malady. Or, it may be only a little sallowness or a bad case of freckles which keeps you from realizing your ideal of beauty.

"These can be corrected and eliminated. And I shall be very happy to help you work out these problems. All that is required is time, persistence, and sound advice.

"Gone is the painted lady of yesterday who attracted attention not to the loveliness of her face but to the garishness of her make-up. In her place is a sophisticated young woman, skilled in the subtle art of accenting her beauty.

"After satisfying yourself as to the proper kind of foundation cream—that is, cream to put on your face to act as a foundation for your make-up, not to be confused with cleansing cream—we are ready for the finishing touches.

"If you face is oval, apply your rouge in a triangle from temple towards nose and thence to ear.

"A round face can be made to seem longer if rouge is placed high upon the cheek bones, just beneath the eyes and close to nose.

"A long face will look rounder or more charmingly oval with rouge applied low on the cheeks and covering a large surface.

"If the eyes are large and bright, rouge brilliantly. A very faint touch of color may be applied directly below the eyebrows.

"If the eyes are small, soft and serene, less rouge is needed.

"If the nose is a trifle too long, a hint of rouge beneath the tip will make it appear shorter.

"The long upper lip can be shortened in effect by ever so faintly rouging the little ridge extending from the nose to the mouth.

"Delicately rouging the chin, shortens the very long face and the merest touch of pink to the lobes of the ears will narrow the apparent width of the face too broad to be called beautiful, that is, according to the standard of the Occident.

"Now that you are rouged, I suggest that you enhance the beauty of your eyes

with just a very little, just a *soupeçon*, as they say in Paris, of eye-shadow. Rub this deftly over the eyes, add the faintest trace of mascara to the lashes, and conclude by a single, subtle sweep of crayon on the brows. You will find your eyes seem twice as large, twice as bright and infinitely more alluring than ever before. But here, beware! Nothing so coarsens a woman as clumsy make-up of the eyes. Unless you are or can learn to be an artist in this respect, it is better to leave your eyes alone.

"Did you ever realize why we use lipstick?

"Lipstick is used to give character to the entire face by enriching the natural color of the lips and by softly accenting their natural curves. A good lip-stick does more. It actually nourishes and softens and protects the delicate texture of the lips which are apt to chap and blister on occasions.

"In applying the lipstick, do not pucker the mouth. Keep the lips apart and apply the lipstick from the centre outward. For evening use a brighter shade than for conservative daytime make-up.

"If your lips are large, rouge well in the centre, blending faintly towards the corners where a little powder may be dusted.

"Thin lips require a more vivid lipstick and should be rouged well into the corners, leaving the deep rosebud effect clearly defined in the centre.

"Everybody has a different way of applying powder, so I shall give but one hint. Pat the powder into the face. Do not rub.

"Because each separate type of beauty demands a different colored rouge and lipstick, a different shade of powder and eye pencil, I am giving below a beauty chart. Pick out which type you are and I can then advise you the proper shades you should use to enhance your natural loveliness:

Nordic Blonde: Fair hair, blue eyes, fair skin.

Anglo-Blonde: Ash-blond hair, brown eyes, creamy skin.

Celtic Blonde: Medium-brown hair, hazel or gray eyes, ivory skin.

Titian Blonde: Auburn hair, brown eyes, white skin.

Anglo-Brunette: Brown hair, brown eyes, fair skin.

Celtic Brunette: Black hair, blue eyes, fair skin.

Mayflower Brunette: Brown hair, hazel, blue or gray eyes, ivory skin.

Latin Brunette: Black hair, dark eyes, olive skin."

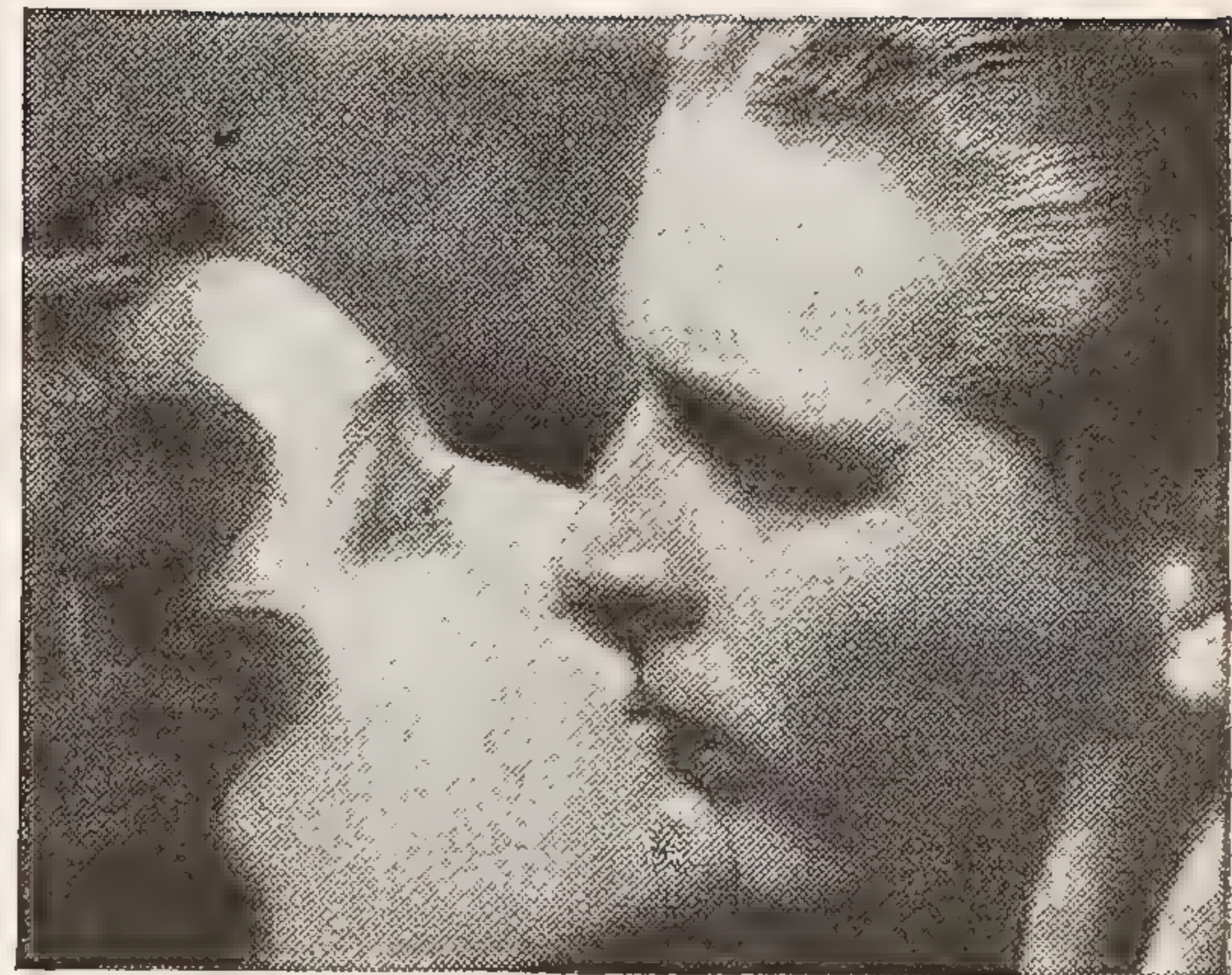
Now that you have indulged yourself in a little cosmetic charity and have joined the Order of the Little Sisters of the Pores, there is one last and most important point to remember.

Why is Billie Dove such an outstanding success? Why is it that girls and women as well as men and boys swear by her pictures?

The answer is simple. It is because when you see her portraying a good and exquisite woman, she not only looks the part of the heroine but she actually makes you feel in the bottom of your heart that she is as pure and lovely as the rôle she portrays.

Not all the regular features in the world, no matter how carefully and faithfully coddled with cosmetics, will endow a woman with beauty unless there is a radiance in her soul that shines out clearly through the windows of her eyes.

And so it remains with you. You can make over your face. You can make over your mind. You can make over your life. This is the century when every woman has a chance.



Loving beauty comes to loving EYES

IN every woman's eyes slumbers enchanting loveliness that awaits the magic touch of this smart lash dressing to flower and bloom gloriously. For when the eyes are framed in a bewitching fringe of soft, luxuriant lashes they look their loveliest. And waterproof Liquid Winx achieves this sought-for effect without the slightest hint of artificiality. It is easy to apply and remove. It is safe. Where you buy your beauty *aides* purchase Liquid Winx. Only 75c, complete. Two shades, black and brown.

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It was the Germans who gave us Aspirin, to harmlessly relieve us of our pains and aches. It was the Germans who gave our dentists Novocaine, with which they now extract our teeth without pain or shock to the nervous system. And now they give us MARVO, that harmlessly peels off the outer skin and brings out the clear, soft, velvety, youth-like skin, producing a clear, beautiful, natural girlish or boyish complexion that almost carries one back to the days of great miracles! It would take a whole page in this publication to tell you the wonders of MARVO. Let the FREE book explain it to you in the quiet of your own room, where no prying eyes will learn what YOU have discovered. Send for this FREE book NOW before the present supply is exhausted. It will not cost you a cent! You don't have to buy MARVO unless you want to, but just try and keep yourself from doing so after you read what it is and understand how easily and economically you can acquire a brand new, beautiful skin. Your request for the book will be kept confidential. Men as well as women who need it should write without delay. A postcard will bring it to you by return mail. Just say, "Send Free Book," and thank your stars you saw this announcement! Address Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. B-63, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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On Location With Dolores Del Rio

Continued from page 43

bones in his foot a few days ago. His brother, Finis Fox, who writes all his screen stories, met me at breakfast and took me with Mr. Johnston to the set.

It is amazing how illusion appears as fact in the movies. You would have sworn that the little village had been standing there for twenty years. Stephen Goosson, technical chief, did a fine job of that set. It cost \$60,000 but it looks real. Luck was with him too; because over the thatched roofs, the slate tilings, the pidgeon houses nestling against a sunny corner, the tiny statues of the Virgin and the saints that stood above some of the doors, the village water trough and old belfry—over all this a heavy rain had blended the newness into a mellow appearance of age. The plaza belfry, I realized, was the newspaper of those times. From it the bell told death and birth, marriage and sacrament. It called the people together when important news arrived. Finis Fox had tried to get the gatekeeper of Carmel's beautiful 17 Mile Drive to play the belfry man but the old chap was too canny. "E-golly," he said, "I've been on this job for eighteen years, and I'm not going to ruin my chances by playing in no movin' pitchers!"

Mr. Carewe was seated near the cameras with his foot propped on a cushioned chair. He didn't have a word of complaint about the pain he suffered but he thought a lot about the handicap it was to his work. "When I knew I was going to do 'Evangeline,'" he said, "I had a hunch that on such a big undertaking I would need my brother Wallace with me. He has often been my assistant but for the last year or two he has been directing at FBO. He had just finished 'Come and Get It' when I asked him to take a tuck in his career as a director, become my production chief and help me out with 'Evangeline.' And he did it—that's the kind of a brother he is. And can you imagine my state of mind if he hadn't, with this broken foot? I can leave a good many scenes to him, knowing that they will be done as I would do them." Wallace is Edwin Carewe's youngest brother.

Dolores appeared dressed in her costume of faun cashmere with little cream muslin cap and apron. There is an aliveness about Dolores, an eager look in her eyes that gives a very spiritual light to her face. It is because of this and her understanding of the struggle in every human heart between the spiritual and material that makes her director choose for her such parts as *Ramona* and *Evangeline*.

A good many people have been antagonistic toward the thought of Dolores Del Rio, a Mexican girl, playing *Evangeline*. To some extent I shared this feeling, until I saw Dolores do a scene or two and talked with her and her co-workers. After all, they selected Renee Adoree, a French girl, to play a Chinese heroine when Anna May Wong, as fine an actress as there is on the screen, was unavailable. And we have had American girls playing Orientals and Latin types, so it does seem a little inconsistent to turn squeamish at the thought of a Mexican girl playing a French Canadian. According to Longfellow, *Evangeline's* hair and eyes were dark, and I don't think her skin could have been much fairer than that of Dolores. And after all, it is the understanding of the part that matters most and the player's ability and

training as an actress. And Dolores Del Rio is a real artist.

"I could never play the part had we remained in Hollywood," Dolores told me. "I need to be in an atmosphere in harmony with the picture I am doing. In Hollywood there is too much going on. Too many telephone calls and papers to sign. One cannot work with such interruptions. Up here it is full of peace and beauty. There is silence too. I can conform to it in my thoughts. That is it. If I can catch the thoughts of *Evangeline* I can make her live. And that is what I have tried so hard to do.

"So many people think of *Evangeline* as a meek little flower blooming and dying by the wayside because Life was unkind. That is not the sort of girl I see. Could the wishy-washy type of girl do what *Evangeline* did? The courage of her love was tremendous. Unashamed she sought her lover for years and when fate denied her reunion with him did she fade and droop? I guess not! She kept her love alive by giving it to the world, and into the shelter of her great understanding came the hungry and pitiful ones of the earth. She had terrific restlessness but because her nature was pure and strong she turned it to great account."

I noticed a lot of straw sticking from the shoes of the peasants. It looked as though they had supplied their ankles with muffs. I thought it was to register the fact that they had trailed through the hay field but Mr. Carewe put me right. "Tell those girls and boys to give their shoes a shave, Wally," he called. "They look as though they were dressed up for a comedy. Look at Miss Del Rio's, that's all the straw they need."

It seems that the peasants put a bit of straw in the soles of the wooden shoes to make them fit more comfortably, and the zealous extras had overdone matters a little.

Two or three pretty girls were standing near Dolores. Turning to one of them Dolores told her how lovely she looked in a dark wig. "You ought always to wear dark hair," she said.

"It makes you look like Sally O'Neil," said Mr. Carewe, at which a shout went up from the girls. "From now on you are Sally," they cried. The girl was Marjorie Bonner, Pricilla Bonner's sister, and in real life she has golden hair which she wears in a very smart bob. She has a wistful little face, rather like a pixie in a wood.

In addition to the sixty members of the company about two thousand residents of Carmel had been engaged, and although the advent of a motion picture company had not been particularly agreeable to the more conservative members of the community who want to keep commercialism from their little garden spot, it had certainly been a bright three weeks for some of the struggling young artists. Even the established and successful artists got a thrill out of acting in pictures and others brought their sketch pads and easels to sketch the set and some of the actors.

Roland Drew, who plays *Gabriel*, and Donald Reed who plays *Baptiste*, were laughing over a trick they had played on Albert Benham, the young script clerk Mr. Carewe thinks has a future. They had been flipping coins. Roland took heads and

Donald tails and Albert couldn't understand why he didn't win.

"Here's another one, Albert," Roland called. He held in his hand two fifty-cent pieces.

"I have three fifty-cent pieces," he told Albert solemnly. Albert, looking straight at two fifty-cent pieces, said that two was all he held.

"I have three. Will you give me fifty cents if I'm wrong?"

"There's a catch somewhere but I'll bite," said Albert. "Yes, I'll give you fifty cents if you're wrong."

"All right, hand it over," said Roland, "I am wrong. There are only two!"

Albert took his defeat like a gentleman. "It was worth fifty cents to learn the trick. I'll make plenty more. Say, Empress," he called to Jean Spencer who cuts the picture—but no one calls her Jean. She has a sort of regal look too, so the nickname was natural. Albert went over the plot with her. But when he came to the part, "Will you give me fifty cents if I'm wrong?" Jean said firmly, "No, I won't, because I know darn well you're wrong!"

When a system fails the bottom drops out of everything. Again Albert took a loss standing up. But from the number of coins that jingled in his pocket later in the day I surmise he made up for it.

"What day is this?" someone asked.

"Is this an intelligence test?" Roland Drew laughed. "You'll be asking me the date next. No one ever knows what day it is on location."

Lunch was called and we all piled into cars and made for the Inn. The soldiers and villagers had theirs from box lunches on the set. An interesting thing was the way they handle the wardrobe for so many people. A wardrobe master really has a general's job. The extras march two abreast to the wardrobe tent. There they are given a hanger to put their street clothes on while they are working. Then from another department they are given costumes, from another shoes, and another stockings. At the end of the day they pass out in the same order giving up the hanger last.

The location was rented from a Mr. Allan, who is worth several million dollars but who leads a simple life. Near his modest home is a wide gate that admitted us to the grounds. His daughter opened it to us and to the visitors from whom she takes an admission fee of fifty cents a car. One Sunday Mr. Allan swelled his bank account by \$1700. in this clever way.

He and his family know that they could travel around the earth and find nothing more beautiful than the view from their own estate; so they are content to let others wander, and his daughter seemed to be enjoying her job as gate-keeper enormously.

There was great excitement at lunch because Dolores' little dog, Cocotte, was missing. Later she told me that Cocotte had been found halfway to the set, taking a walk with a very large and strange dog. "What do you think of her living up to her name like that?" Mrs. Lessing, a friend, laughed.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Asunsolo, Dolores' parents, walked out to the set. There were many visitors that day and I kept finding myself buried in a crowd, so I backed out and went for a walk over the point with Finis Fox and LeRoy Johnston. From somewhere or other Mr. Allan had got a whale—probably it had beached during a storm—and he had put the skeleton together and there it was with a fence to protect it from the curious, but not in time to keep a few from carving

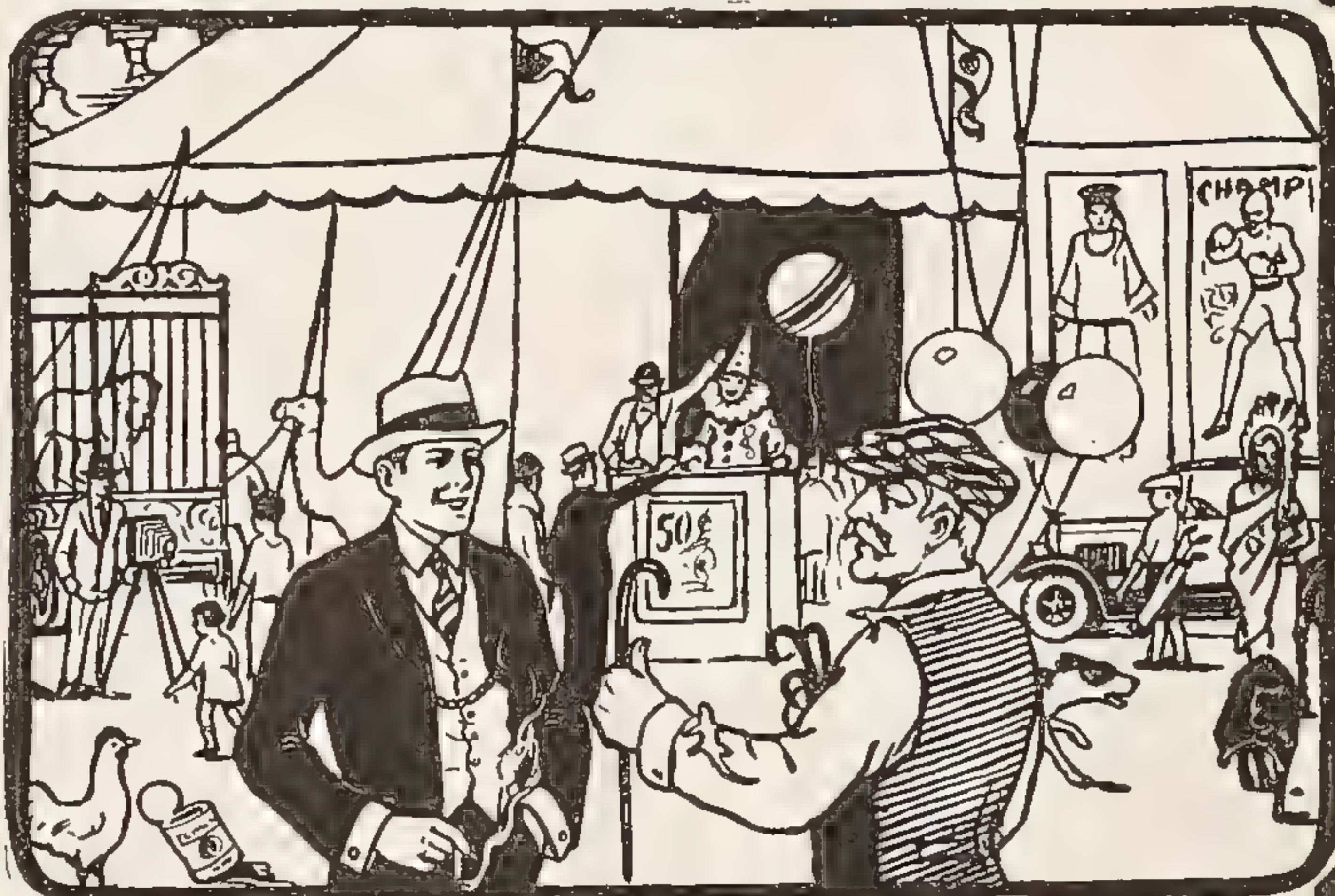
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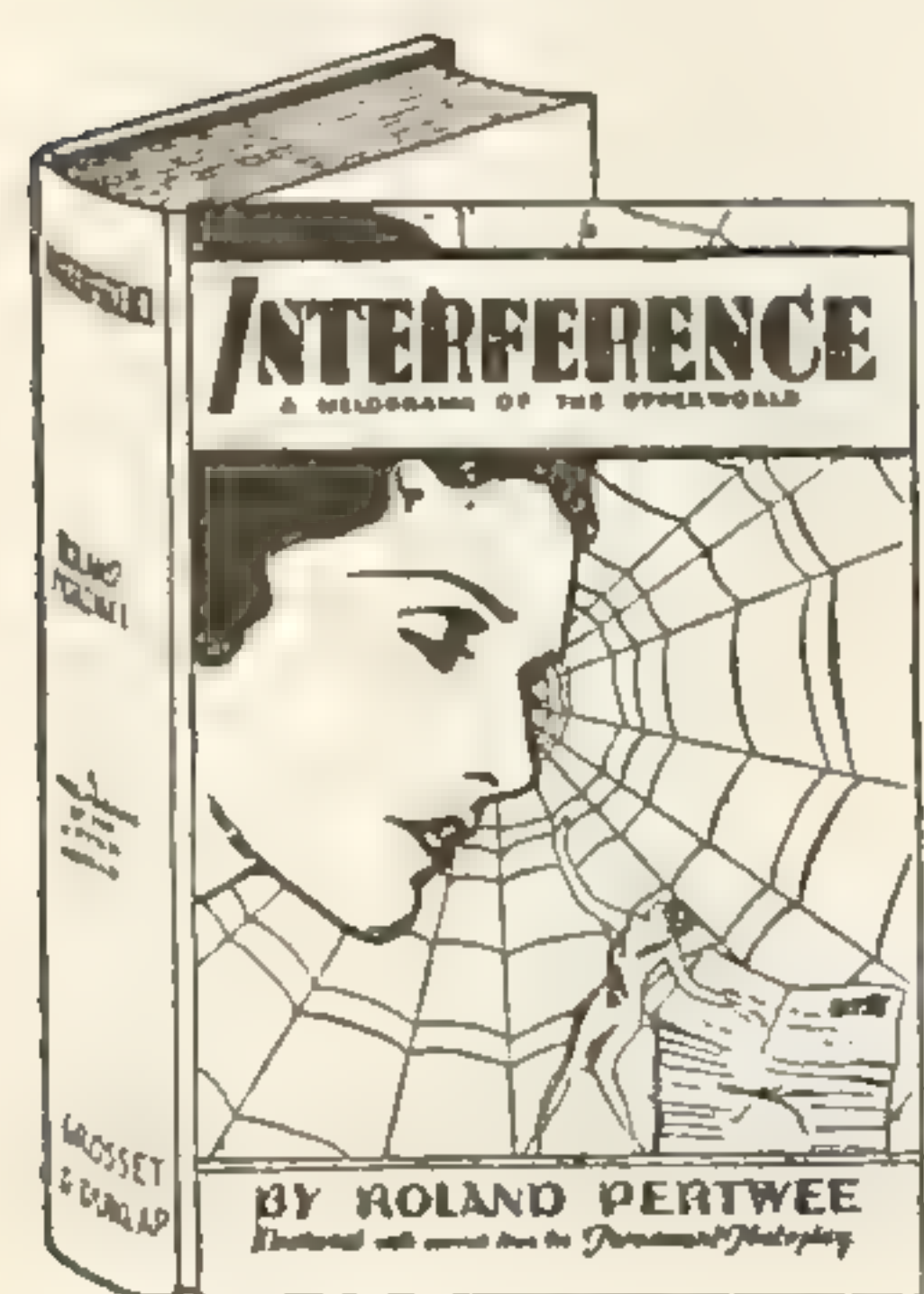
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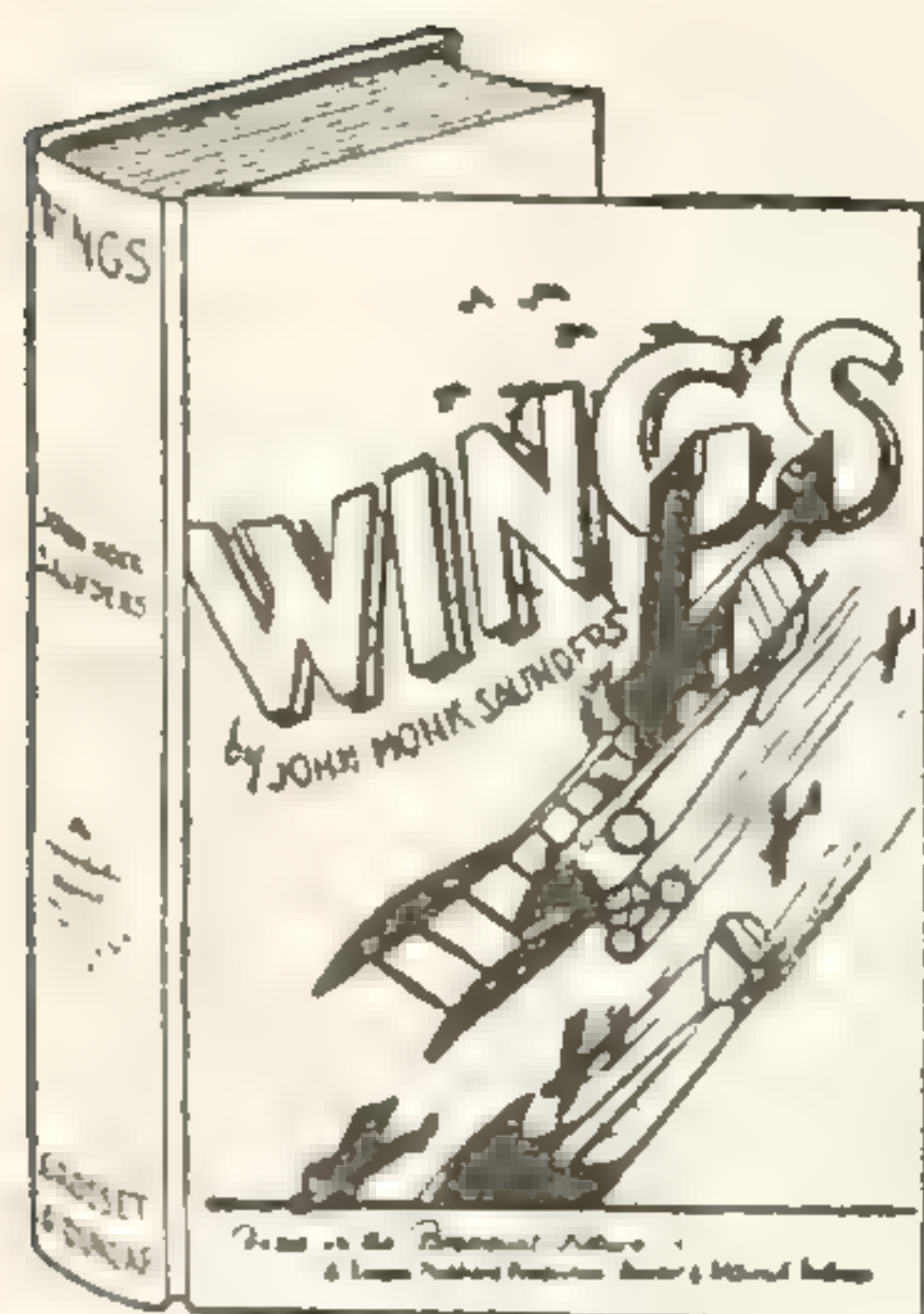
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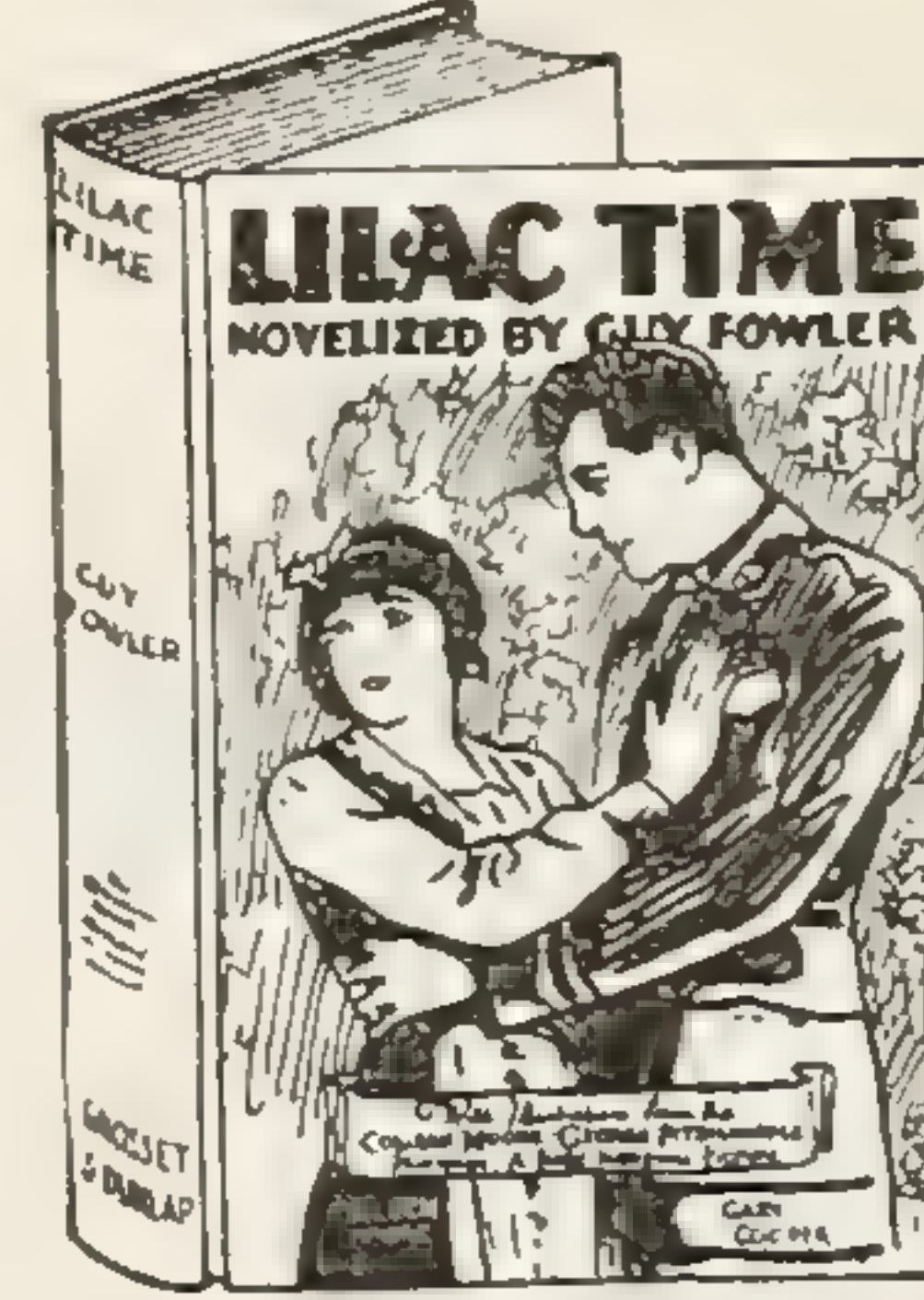
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their initials on its jaws. It was fun to watch the seals play about in the water, quite unconscious of our presence.

Finis Fox told me the story of the film "Evangeline" as he adapted it. It must have been a difficult job to make a flesh and blood story from a poem. If the picture is anything like the yarn Finis told me, it should be, and I know it will be, a dramatic, colorful romance. The last scene is one of the most beautiful and heartbreaking things I have ever heard, and it is handled in a very interesting and novel way.

Alec B. Francis plays *Father Felician*. I remarked that he had a lot of travelling to do. "Yes, all over America," he replied with a twinkle in his eye. "But it suits me. I am a vagabond at heart. All I want is to go places. I'd never have a cent if it weren't for my wife. I turn all my money over to her and have not the slightest idea or interest how much I have."

Mr. Francis loves pictures and I think one feels that. He makes every character he plays live. Rather as though he crawled inside the mind of the man he is playing and acted through him!

Paul McAllister plays *Benedict*, and James Marcus, who played the bear-tamer in "Revenge," is *Gabriel's* father, Basil the blacksmith.

I never saw a more congenial outfit or a host who tried to make things comfortable for his company and guests as did Edwin Carewe. His foot was hurting him so that he could not eat but went to the foyer, the recreation hall for the company, and waited until we joined him for games. Dolores and Roland Drew played ping pong. Donald Reed, Finis Fox, Mr. Asunsolo and Mrs. Lessing played a rousing game of parchesi that became so heated that Mrs. Lessing, who was winning, told Dolores that if her last man was sent home someone would have to carry her out.

Mrs. Asunsolo, Marjorie Bonner, Mr. Francis and LeRoy Johnston played checkers and I told Mr. Carewe's fortune by numerology, and later I told Dolores' numbers and several others.

The next day a 'dolly' was rigged up to let the camera travel along with the crowd. A 'dolly' is a platform on wheels that runs along a little wooden track built for the occasion. Bob Kurrle, head cameraman, and Al Greene, second cameraman, lifted their cameras upon it and an assistant put Mr. Carewe's chair there with another for his foot. Then they all had fine ride up and down while the soldiers marched and the villagers scattered hither and yon. I was glad to note that the 'dolly' had rubber tires.

While we were waiting for another set-up the orchestra played 'Moonlight and You,' and 'The Flower That Lost Its Bloom,' two songs Mr. Carewe composed many years ago. It also played 'Evangeline,' written by Al Jolson for the picture. It will be released soon and you want to get it because it is charming.

Al was returning from Europe with his bride on the Leviathan and Mr. Carewe got on at Cherbourg. He told Al that he was going to make "Evangeline" and outlined some of the scenes for him.

"I want you to write a song for it, Al. Will you?"

"It's already done, Eddie! I want to work it out a little better and will sing it for you tomorrow, but the theme came to me while you were talking."

Mr. Carewe told me an interesting thing about Dolores. "When you travel with people you get to know them better," he

said. "I thought I knew Dolores pretty well. I had directed several of her pictures and I felt I really knew her. But last summer she gave me a surprise. If Dolores is up until twelve or one o'clock nothing on earth will get her out until noon the next day. What was my surprise then to find, that in the cities where there were art galleries Dolores would be out before any of us. She has a deep appreciation of art."

About a mile from the village is *Evangeline's* home, and around it a dozen or more hay stacks. I was admiring the scene when it seemed to me that one or two of them started down the road. "Say, are you trying to pull a Macbeth on me? Are those hay stacks moving or am I crazy?" I said, thinking the 250-foot elevation had gone unaccountably to my head.

Roland Drew shrieked with laughter. "Those are only imitation hay stacks. There is a frame and about a foot of hay bound around it. Then they can easily be moved from place to place in range of the camera."

I felt a little sheepish. I had forgotten I was on a movie set.

Wallace Fox said a lot of money was wasted in pictures on details that never would show. "For instance, one technical director was such a stickler for having everything correct that he sent to France to get thousands of little wooden buttons for the soldiers uniforms. He had enough to outfit a hundred or more men but the ones he could get here to complete his supply weren't the same color and he wouldn't have them painted. That seems absurd to me. I'm very particular about the people who will be in the first thirty feet. After that just general atmosphere is all that is necessary. The spectator is so occupied with the action in the foreground that even if the camera picked it up he would not notice the sort of buttons a man had on his coat.

"I'm trying to kid Eddie about spending a lot of unnecessary money in this way. The other day we ran off in the projection room a village scene of which Eddie was rather proud. Dolores and Roland had a very pretty bit together and of course every eye was upon them. When it was over Eddie asked me what I thought of it. I

said it was great—all but one thing. 'What's that?' he demanded with battle in his eye. 'Why, those two men over there by the blacksmith shop are wearing their hair a little too long—that's bad. It will ruin the whole scene.'

"He certainly gave me one long, hard look, and then burst out laughing."

It was nice to see a company that kept normal working hours. Mr. Carewe has the belief, now almost obsolete in Hollywood, that it is money lost to work players after they begin to look fatigued. All freshness and spirit goes out of the scene and out of the photography. These actors didn't have to get up at the shriek of dawn and their evenings were free for recreation.

In spite of his throbbing foot and the advice and desire of everyone who thought bed was the place for him, Mr. Carewe made spaghetti for an eleven-thirty snack. Donald Reed helped him to cut up the filet mignon for the sauce and prepare the other ingredients. Dolores grated the cheese, Roland Drew made the coffee, Albert Benham set the table and when everything was ready Dolores called, "Come and get it." Out came her mother and father and one or two others. And what we didn't do to that spaghetti! It's a lot of fun having a whole hotel kitchen turned over to you. Quarts of rich cream—stacks of fruit—lines of bright and shining utensils. We laughed and joked and had a swell time.

The next day it rained, to my bitter disappointment, and although it cleared beautifully in the afternoon there was no work because of the flooded street on the set. Dolores, Mr. Carewe, Finis Fox and Albert Benham worked on the story. Roland Drew and Donald Reed played golf and I caught up on my notes and packed. Later we took the 17 Mile Drive which has become an institution in California and then I boarded the train for Hollywood, regretting very much to leave such an hospitable, charming company.

See "Evangeline." I think it will surprise you. Certainly a picture made with so much good will and with such harmony of purpose will have something fine to offer. And what a grand love story it is!

The Old Young Nick — Continued from page 56

complexion. No matter when you see Nick, early morning, midday or late evening, he looks as if he had just stepped out of a tub.

He's been just about everything a man can be in or about a studio. Office boy, property boy, assistant director, script clerk, electrician, assistant cameraman, reader—he knows the ropes. He made his own job in the Fox studio. He took a parcel to Tom Mix five years ago. He told the gate-man the parcel had to be delivered in person to Mix. That got him inside. His boyish smile won him a job when he sneaked into an office and asked for it. Even busy directors are not immune to a pleasant grin such as Nick possesses.

Ever since the office boy job he has wanted to become an actor. When the chance came to play a part in a two-reel comedy, he quit his steady paying job as an assistant director. His parents said he was crazy. Another fellow grabbed the vacated position and then told Nick he'd never get it back.

Young Stuart only smiled and learned how to put on grease paint. He knew

he'd make good. You've seen that sort of fellow, haven't you? Ask him if he can do this or that and he says: "Sure." Then does it. Nick knew he could act. He felt no qualms about giving up the assistant director job. Incidentally, it is interesting to note here that the assistant who took Nick's job is still an assistant and is working on Stuart's new picture. Nick's salary is just nine times that of the assistant.

I've traveled about town with Nick for years. I know his greatest weakness. He can't stand the sight of an old woman or man begging on a street corner. Would you call that a weakness? Anyway, whenever we pass an aged beggar, Nick contributes his change. Then he always says: "Gosh, it must be terrible to be old and poor. Nothing makes me sadder than the pitiful sight of an old person in want." This isn't put on, either. Nick has been donating to old beggars ever since I have known him. On the other hand, I have heard him say to a sturdy young beggar: "You're in good health; go to work. If you're hungry, almost any restaurant will give you a meal if you'll wash dishes."

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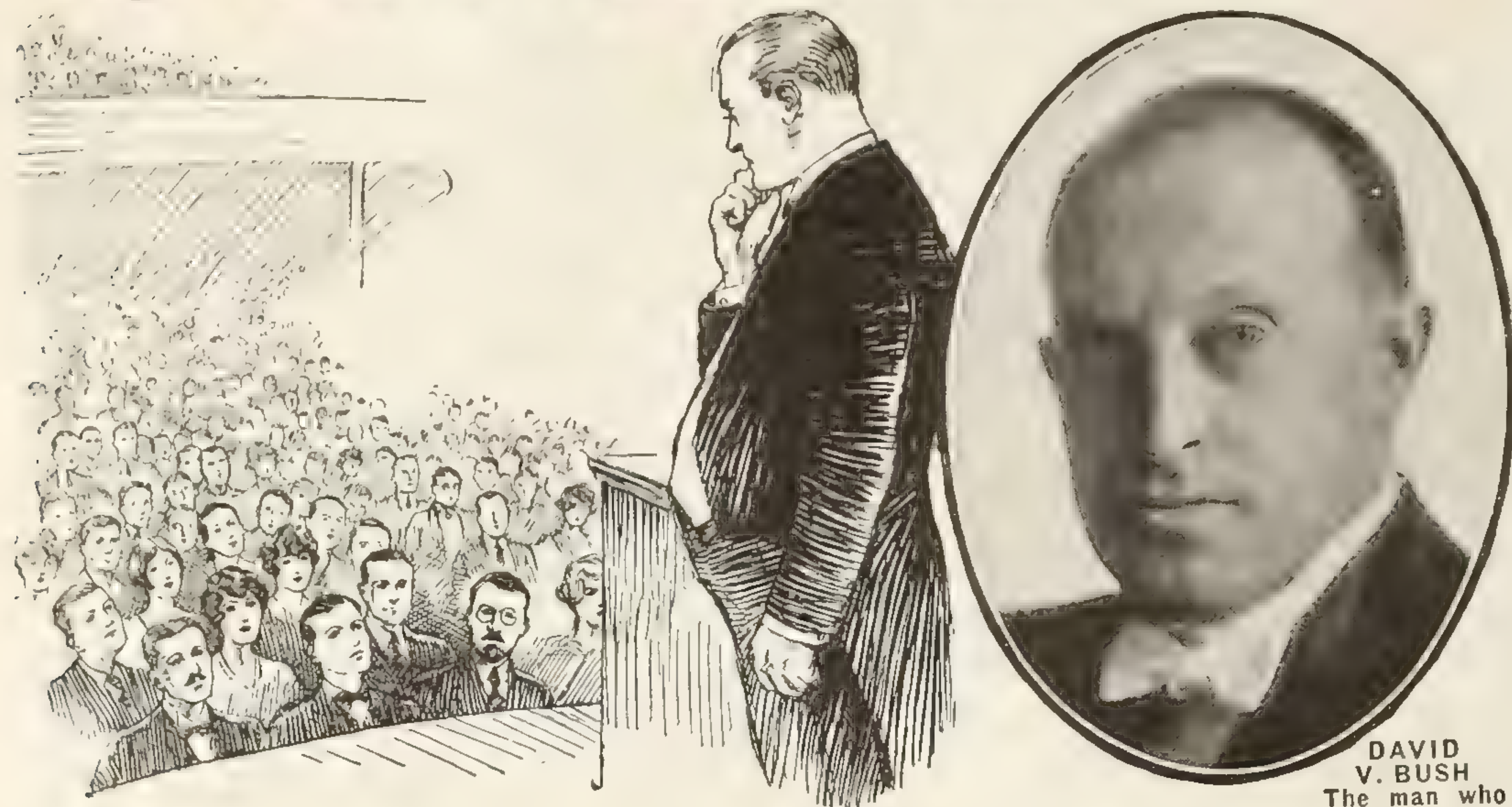
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Why did my heart beat fast? Why did I hesitate to face my vast audience? I was a seasoned speaker. I had lectured for years. I had spoken before thousands of people in the greatest auditoriums in the United States. Why should I feel afraid?

The answer was simple. That very afternoon I had received a critical letter from one of my followers. Here's what the letter said:

"Why is it you are so fat?" my critic wrote. "You—David V. Bush—America's greatest authority on right living. You tell others how to live—what to eat—how to care for themselves mentally and physically. And yet you do nothing about your own stoutness."

This letter stung me like a lash! My methods of right living had proved wonderfully beneficial to thousands of men and women. They had proved beneficial in my own case. Yet there was one thing I had been unable to conquer—my stoutness.

Vain Efforts to Reduce

For years I had tried to reduce. I had tried fasting, dieting, exercises, and mechanical appliances—everything I could think of. Nothing seemed to help. I remained as stout as ever.

I couldn't figure out the cause of my stoutness. I was not a heavy eater, but to look at my rotund figure, anyone would think I ate too much. Such was not the case. I ate moderately—lived temperately and took a normal amount of exercise.

A Startling Discovery

That night after the lecture a comforting thought came to me. It was this: All the reducing methods which I had tried were other people's inventions. I had never tackled the problem myself. I had never tried to invent a reducing method of my own.

For weeks I studied. For weeks I tried to find the secret. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one logical way to get rid of fat. Then I began to experiment on myself.

Imagine my astonishment! Imagine my delight! In 24 hours I lost 2 pounds! During the next 24 hours I lost 3 pounds more! Day after day I continued my new method of re-

ducing. Day after day I continued to watch my weight. And day after day I continued to lose excess pounds.

I felt better than I had felt in years. I felt vigorous—vital—overflowing with energy. I slept soundly. My appetite increased. I lost that sluggish feeling that fat brings. My mind grew crystal clear. I was able to go through a long, hard day without the slightest fatigue. Needless to say, I continued my amazing reducing treatment. In three weeks I was back to normal weight! To say that I was pleased would be putting it mildly. I was overjoyed.

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I want to tell you all about this amazing method of reducing which I have discovered. It is simply wonderful. I am delighted with it. My friends are delighted with it. Everyone who hears about it becomes enthusiastic.

I don't care how stout you are. I don't care how many times you have tried to reduce and failed. My amazing new method will make your excess fat melt away like magic—give you a normal, youthful figure—make you slim, buoyant, energetic, as Nature intended you to be, or the treatment won't cost you a single penny!

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Why Must Motion Pictures Be Made in Hollywood?

(Continued from page 27)

listing and registering animals, acrobats, sailors, cowboys and experts of all kinds, to say nothing of the thousands and thousands of extras ready to report upon a telephone call. Could the casting director of a Chicago picture company round up fifty one-legged men within an hour? Could Omaha provide a thousand French and a thousand British and a thousand Chinese soldiers by tomorrow morning? It has taken years to perfect such registrations.

Fourth, props! Suppose a St. Louis director suddenly cherished four stuffed leopards, the automobile license plates for the year 1913 of the State of Maine, a Javanese go-cart and two thousand Egyptian battle-axes, where could he find them? Hollywood, on the other hand, has been gathering such props during the past decade until now there reposes within the prop rooms the greatest collection of things in the world—vehicles of all ages and lands, furniture, costumes, side-arms, clocks, time-tables, foreign newspapers and telegraph blanks, utensils—in fact, everything!

Fifth, locations! It is all right to have locations, but where are they? Where may the director find a New England street with picket fences and a little white church? Where can he 'alibi' an exterior of a fashionable French home? Where is there a Dutch windmill? Where Japanese fishermen? In fifteen years the location hunters have registered every garden, home, 'love-lot,' tree and fence-post that has picture possibilities.

There are other reasons why it is cheaper to make pictures in Hollywood—lighting equipment, laboratories and trained craftsmen for every department; but I feel that I have told you enough to warn you against the Wallingfords who are touring the country. If, however, you still insist upon being bunked, come on out here and let us sell you a studio site. True, the glass stage may be completely under water at high tide, but it will at least be close to Hollywood and you will have had the thrill of being nearly a motion picture producer.



¶ These Hollywood girls! What won't they think of next! Jean Arthur invented a vanity bracelet which makes it easy for her to powder her pretty nose on the slightest provocation.

Modern Art in the Movies

Continued from page 25

things are completely out in the properly designed modern interior.

In many Chinese shops it is possible to buy, very cheaply, either gold or silver paper. When crumpled in the hand, then applied smoothly, with its creases showing, it furnishes a fine background for our ultra-modern furniture.

The woodwork should be simplified as much as possible, the mouldings and so forth, and either stained very dark or painted in appropriate colors. The single panel doors which are being used in a great many houses are quite modern in feeling, and it is always possible to decorate these with lines or geometrical designs. The essential in furniture today is that it be simple and direct in line. Elaborate pieces have passed to oblivion by their very nature—just as the old time horse and buggy has been replaced by the more comfortable motor car.

A chair today wants to be a chair, and frankly so. The more it looks like anything else, the less modern it is. In conversation, we today use as few and as direct words as possible, where long ago we used to use the most decorative of phrases. This same psychology applies to modern furniture. The modern home wants comfort, and I know of no more comfortable furniture than the frank, direct furniture of today.

Women in themselves are sufficiently complicated to supply in any plan and simple interior the necessary decorative note in color or flowing design that sets off the entire background.

In refitting the home the householder will, however, find that modern furniture can be used with good period furniture, but it should be grouped so that it forms a modern corner of the room. I think that anyone buying two or three pieces of modern furniture and living with it a while will, with his own inventiveness, see how the other pieces, properly finished and simplified if necessary, will be very acceptable with it. So, in furniture, my advice to the householder is to go slowly and not get excited. One can't achieve modernity at one fell swoop by painting all the old furniture.

It is rather hard to give specific directions for fitting up a bungalow or an apartment. So much depends on the design of the bungalow, on the number of the family, and the age of the members of the family. Children involve one problem; old persons another. The guiding rule, as pointed out before, must always be comfort and livableness.

Modern lighting, with its indirect fixtures and scientifically designed details, are a great boon.

The soft diffused light of modern fixtures make people look younger. I think they take about five years off any woman past thirty. They are easier to see by—again the modern note of efficiency. So to sum up, the keynote of the modern home is efficiency, comfort, and direct lines, easy on the eyes. Plain mouldings, plain papers, plain furniture, which proclaims itself to be frankly what it is, rather than the ginger-

bread and elaborate effects of an age now past: these are the guiding principles in fitting and decorating the modern home.

In other words—see that all the rooms are as efficient as the kitchen and bathroom!

Taste is such an individual thing that no general rules can be laid down. It is sufficient to say that 'what looks good to me is good for me.' If Mr. Smith wants the Morris chair that his wife gave him on some anniversary, let him have it, until he finds that Mr. Jones has the more modern and more comfortable one. After all, we must consider primarily our own natures, our own individualities, in making our homes fit us.

First we must have a color scheme, simple and unobtrusive, that will lend itself to any mood or atmosphere we wish to reflect. Then we must eliminate all ornamentation, fancy wall paper, or gaudy knickknacks.

The rugs should all be of a single tone and simple of design. There must be no competition of color or decoration between walls and rugs. They must serve as a background for the furniture design.

The modern room should be a setting for furniture and people. It should be artistic, perhaps a trifle exotic. But it should be restful, warm and balanced in tone and design. The lighting should be diffused or reflected. Any central lighting plan that throws down a hard glare is bad. No one looks well under garish light. It not only is very harmful to the eyes but it detracts greatly from the appearance of the room and occupants.

Diffused lights from wall brackets are splendid. Reflected light also is very fine, especially for the dining room where it brings out the lustrous sheen of linens and makes the silver and glassware sparkle.

Modern furniture fundamentally must be good in structural design. It is simple in form; it has no particular ornamentation. The best furniture is low. For that reason the modern furniture is more comfortable and restful than furniture of any other period. It is completely relaxing and places the full weight upon its own strength and not upon the occupant's feet which only lightly touch the floor.

Color schemes in simple tones add to the restfulness of the modern room. Anything that tends to clash with the color scheme should be eliminated. A single jarring note, such as a design on a rug, will destroy the desired effect. Harmonious and simple color tones give a restfulness that cannot be obtained in a room of contrasting tones or design.

In the old homes the decorative scheme generally has been one of contrasts. Green wallpaper called for red rugs. This was very disturbing and lacking in all individuality of expression. It added to the 'junky' aspect of the overdressed rooms of the generations just past.

The modern home should get away from this habit of filling rooms with all kinds of furniture and decorations. It should be as distinctive and individual as one's clothes. It should be made a part of one's self and be an expression of one's own personality.

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John Gilbert—Now

(Continued from page 29)

what may. He lived every minute of it. And loved it.

Off the screen, Gilbert is an enigmatic personality. He is either high on the crest of a wave of good spirits or is down in a chasm of gloom so deep it would take a rescue party to find him. He is impulsive. And very sensitive. Likes and dislikes have no intermediate boundaries to him. Don't ever slap him on the back without first looking into his face.

Jack always seems restless. He paces up and down constantly whether he is waiting to go into a scene or holding a conversation. Doesn't appear to be the kind of a chap who would sit down calmly and watch the logs blaze in the fireplace. But he does.

When Jack walks he walks with long strides from the hips down. His head and torso are ever stiffly erect. This comes from the old days when he considered himself too small. He was playing cowboy roles in those days. In fact, Jack weighed only 110 pounds when he landed his first screen job out at Inceville with William S. Hart. Exercise, regular meals and good living has built him up.

Jack doesn't consider himself handsome. Says his nose is too long. His popularity amazes him. Considers it just one of those odd things that happen every now and then. Feels like a little boy who has stolen a pot of jam and wonders how soon he'll be caught.

Gilbert's private life is not at all what one might imagine it to be. He does very little entertaining and has almost shut the world outside of the home he built high on the hills opposite the expansive estate aced by Rudolph Valentino before he died.

Jack has been in love three times.

The first ended in a tragic death. The second girl he married—and found himself wed to a stranger when the honeymoon was over. The third girl was Leatrice Joy. Their troubles were ninety-nine and nine-tenths his fault. He admits it. Greta Garbo?

No story of John Gilbert could be complete without mention of her name.

Much has been said and written of Gilbert and Garbo. Their names have been linked together on the screen and in private life for several years.

You hear that their romantic association was built up only to add commercial value to their pictures. It also is said that they really were in love but have gotten over it. Again it is whispered—and printed—that they did not speak when they made their last picture together but that this was a ruse to disguise the renewal of their romance.

The best guess—and not so very much of a guess at that—is that John Gilbert and Greta Garbo have been, and are, very much in love with each other. Whenever they are seen in public they are seen together.

Perhaps, when he signed his new contract, that is why Jack said he felt so happy . . .

For Greta had just signed a new one too!

Didn't you enjoy reading this revealing story about John Gilbert? Makes you feel you really know the man, doesn't it? That's what SCREENLAND aims to do—put you on first-name terms with the movie stars; tell you intimate things about them that you won't read anywhere else.

What They Do With Their Money

Continued from page 23

there was a copy of "Sister Carrie." To his delight it was a first edition, and in two minutes it was wrapped and in his pocket for the sum of fifty cents. He has since been offered \$100 for it. He has a complete set of the plays of Eugene O'Neil autographed by the author.

Although Jean Hersholt's library is still in the investment stage, it is an investment. Lloyds of London have put a \$30,000 valuation on it, and as such insurance is always given a conservative estimate it is probable that this property would bring more than twice that amount at a sale. At present he has no desire to part with his library and will not have until it is complete, and then it might interest him to promote financial interest in it. I understand that Mr. Hersholt has a very fine stamp collection too, but this I did not know when I talked with him and so have nothing to report. I do know, however, that he is an artist and holds a B.A. degree. If the time ever comes when he wants to give up pictures, for pictures would never give up an actor of his versatility, he could make a very tidy cash-in on the sketches he does of current events. A many-sided artist!

Reginald Denny seems to have been born on a lucky day, for everything he touches prospers. His first big investment was in five aeroplanes, three of which were Sopwith 'snipes.' These he had formed an affection for during the war and his duties in the flying corps. He rented all five to motion picture companies, although he asked that his favorite plane be used by only one pilot because he didn't like too many people handling it! But Denny soon gave up flying because he is so busy in pictures and thinks it unwise to fly only occasionally. For safety's sake one must keep in practice. He heartily disapproves a system which grant a license to a pilot who knows nothing about the mechanism of a plane. It is perfectly simple when things are running smoothly to manage a plane, he says, and it is also simple to overcome difficulties if you know what is going on inside. That is, as a usual thing. When trouble comes a pilot ought to know what he is up against.

Another thing Reggie thinks a pilot should do is to take care of his own plane. The best fliers do this: Lindy, the three Sea Hawks, the three Musketeers and countless others less celebrated.

From his aeroplane rentals Mr. Denny made a fine profit. All, or most of them, were used in "Hell's Angels." They were badly damaged in crack-ups but Reggie's loss was protected. The other two, which had gone through the war, he gave to museums. He now has a large amount of money in a gold mine, having a third interest in The Sonora, which was formerly called Experimental Gulch. William Le Baron, now vice-president of RKO pictures, and Fred Newmeyer, the director, are his two partners. The mine is not a spectacular one with colossal nuggets to be found one day and nothing more for a year, but yields a steady income of golden sands to its three operators.

Years ago Mr. Denny bought several acres near the beach. He did this because he loves solitude and planned to build a home among the fine trees on this land that overlooked the ocean. But look what happened! The boom swept his way. The estates on either side of him were bought

by millionaires; the land in front of him was taken for the city's botanical garden. Retaining walls and roads have been built all around him, so that he has no expense but the taxes. The place is worth many times what he paid for it, but his home will never be built there. It is on a hill-top many miles from Hollywood, and he hopes there will never be a boom to intrude on his seclusion.

Rex Lease had saved a good portion of his money, and always in the back of his mind was the hope that he would find something good to invest it in. Stocks and bonds he would not touch for he knew nothing of them, and he had seen too many fortunes swept away because of ill-advised buying.

One afternoon he was crossing the street when someone hailed him. It was Fred Penney and Janice—two friends he had not seen for years. He invited them for luncheon and it developed that they were going into the lamp-shade business. Rex was interested and took some lessons in drawing and designing from Fred. Now Fred and Janice are married and Rex owns a third interest in their lamp-shade business. It is called the Penney Lamp Shade Company, 425 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles. Beginning in a small way they now employ thirty-five girls and ship to wholesale houses all over California, Idaho, the southern states, Chicago and even to Australia. The light you are reading by may even now be mellowed by a shade owned by your hero of the screen, Rex Lease! There are silk shades, goat-skin shades, parchment shades, embossed, painted and—in fact, every kind of shade that is beautiful and original.

Rex says it gives one a very comfortable feeling to have a thriving business on the side when a manager is trying to persuade you to take a cut for no good reason. You can say no, and walk out not caring whether you ever hear about the part again or not. There is always another part and sometimes it is a better one.

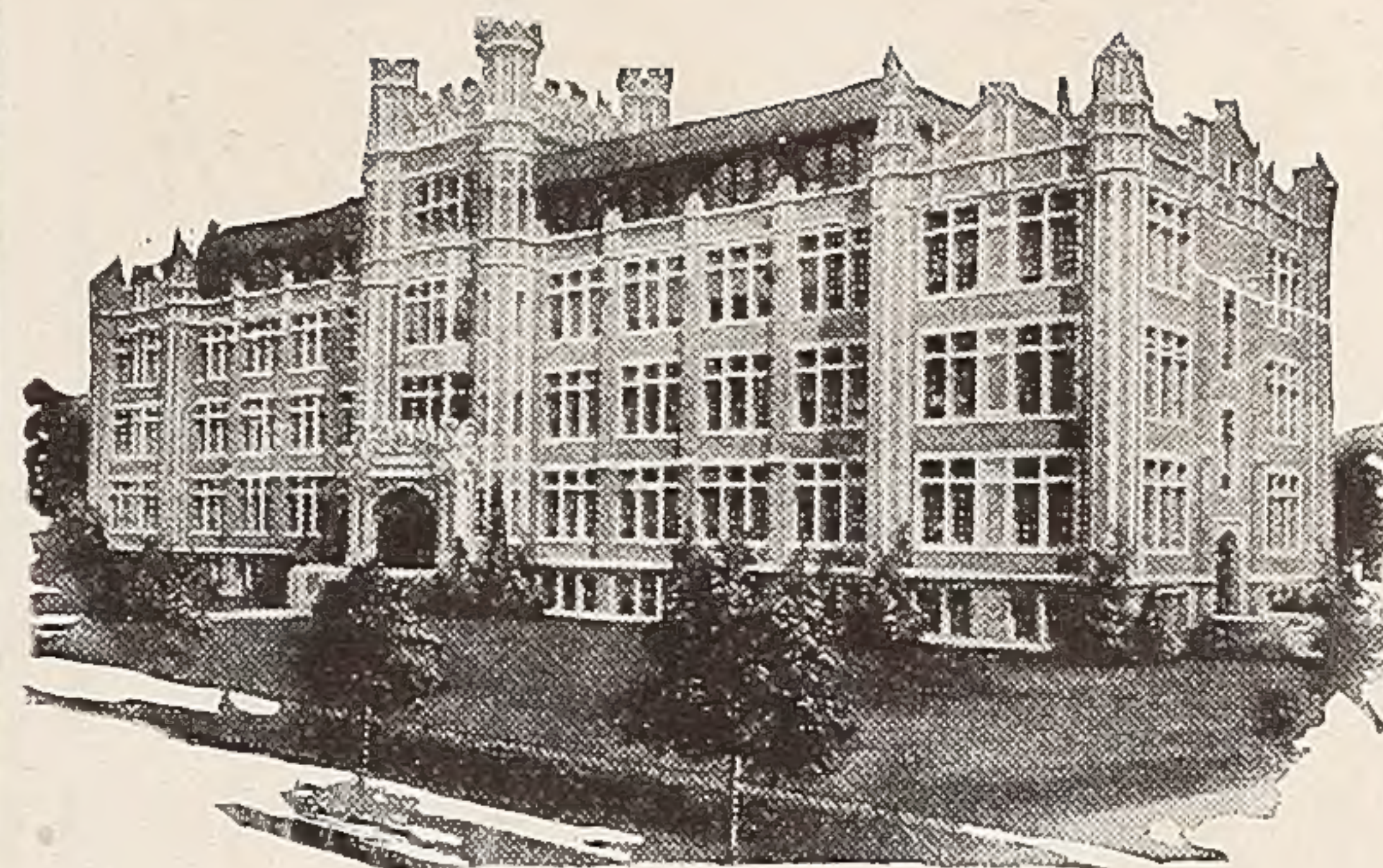
Norma Talmadge owns and operates an apartment house in Los Angeles known as the Talmadge Apartments, besides any amount of other real estate holdings and stocks.

When pictures were a little dull Hedda Hopper walked into the offices of Frank Meline, Inc., one of the largest real estate agents out here. She told them who she was and said she would like to sell real estate and knew she could, because in half an hour during the war, she, with two other actresses, had raised \$30,000 for Liberty bonds. This impressed Mr. Meline and he decided to take her on.

"When do you want to start?" he inquired. "I can start right now," said Hedda brightly, and walked out that afternoon and sold a \$35,000 house. She has made a lot of money and has put it all back into the earth. Hedda has made enough to yield her a splendid income for the rest of her life through her 'hobby.'

William Russell, the actor, and William Beaudine, the director, have an auto laundry on Vine Street near Hollywood Boulevard which is known as the 'Pal.' If you are a member you pay a certain amount each month and that entitles you to as many washes as your car needs. They do a thriving business.

Phil de Merse, a local sportsman, inter-



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ested Noah Beery in some property at Big Rock Creek about 90 miles from Hollywood. It has an elevation of 5200 feet and offers summer and winter sports. There, at a ranch house, was started the famous Paradise Trout Club and Resort whose 275 acres are owned and operated jointly by Noah Beery and Phil de Merse. In addition to the ranch house there are many little cabins all completely and comfortably furnished with modern improvements. They boast that the beds are the finest to be had and their trout dinners are unequalled. There is trout fishing every day in the year and they hold a license to domesticate these fish. The club is about a year old and has 1000 members. Some are in the picture business and some are big business men and social lights of Los Angeles and Pasadena. Norma Talmadge, Evelyn Brent, Monte Blue, Richard Dix, Buster Keaton, Nicholas Schenck and William Powell are some of the names you will recognize on the membership list. So Noah is sitting pretty!

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are financially interested in many things but one among them is the large and beautiful Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood. It has become the place for luncheons, tea dansants and special parties because there is plenty of space, the food is good and the service excellent. With Mary and Doug are associated Joe Schenck and Mike Levey.

Milton Sills is on the advisory board of the Bank of Italy, Wilcox Branch, with his name on the door and everything.

Cecil DeMille has his finger in all sorts of pies. He has a heavy interest in the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, a woolen mill, and the Grand Central Garage, one of the largest in the world. He and Jesse Lasky and Frank A. Garbutt have an epsom salts mine in Death Valley which they have not yet started to operate. Director De Mille has also a string of other interests.

Clara Bow and Vilma Banky put their spare cash in a trust fund. Clara, I believe, puts two-thirds of her salary—at any rate, it is a regular amount every week. She set her father up in business—and 'Robert Bow's Chop House' is now a thriving restaurant.

There is a popular eating place in Hollywood known as Henry's. Henry you have seen in many pictures with Charlie Chaplin—remember the big man with the frightening eyebrows? That's Henry. He manages the restaurant that bears his name and Charlie Chaplin owns it. Henry's is particularly popular after the theatre. At that hour, and until the small ones of the morning you will see players who have not got a six-thirty call, directors, writers and producers all hobnobbing. You will see tourists, lingering over their food in the hope that one more familiar screen face will appear before they go.

Young Master Jackie Coogan owns and operates the Rolls Royce agency in Los Angeles, if you please! In addition Jackie owns literally blocks of real estate in the

business section of the city.

Robert Armstrong has a share in the operation of an oil well. Russell Gleason, the young son of Jimmy Gleason, the playwright, is planning to put a large part of the salary he receives from Pathé in conservative common stocks.

Priscilla Dean has a string of auto laundries. Mary Pickford has a heavy interest in a Canadian paper factory. Kathleen Clifford had a string of flower stands which I hear she recently sold at a handsome profit. Pauline Garon did the same thing with her cleaning establishments.

Wallace Beery has, among other things, a great deal of money in a commercial air line. Hoot Gibson also owns and operates a cattle ranch in Arizona. Ben Lyon buys common stocks in general utilities.

Dale Fuller, the character actress, has an orange and lemon grove near Duarte which will net her \$1000 an acre this season. She has a manager for it but takes an active interest in fruit-growing herself and spends much of her time at the ranch.

Betty Compson has several office buildings in Beverly Hills which have stores on the ground floor. It is said that Tom Mix has a heavy interest in the Montmartre, the smart eating place of Cineland.

Of course they all have real estate. Lil-yan Tashman and Edmund Lowe have acres in Beverly Hills and Santa Monica. Agnes Ayres and Ruth Roland have made a mint of money on real estate, as have Harold Lloyd and a dozen others. I hear that Agnes is a particularly clever business woman. Nine years ago she was drawing a small salary as a staff player for Paramount. She bought a lot on time payments and some corporation put up a house for her on the property. She and her mother lived there until they were given an opportunity to rent the place. Agnes then bought another lot and built another house—and rented that. Then there was a lot of talk about developing Laurel Canyon. Agnes listened to it and saw the writing on the wall. She bought property at the mouth of the canyon and the building and loan put up an apartment house for her. From then on Agnes lost all control of herself in the matter of getting rich. She didn't care how much money she made. Smart?

Of course everyone knows by this time that Ruth Roland is the wealthiest woman realtor out here. Ruth's riches are an old story—but a pleasant one to contemplate!

There are some unwise ones—Hollywood's tragedies—who have collected what the ordinary business man would term a small fortune in their weekly pay checks, and then have let it all slip through their fingers either in prodigal spending or unprincipled giving. These people, both men and women, live to face poverty when their little day of glory is over.

But on the whole the screen stars know what to do with their hard-earned money. They may be beautiful—but they are decidedly not so dumb!

Eddie Horton — Continued from page 45

went on. "In thinking things over following a party or a pleasant time at a friend's home, I have found out that I have been instinctively attracted to the girl who flattered me. Wasn't that a lovely conversation I had with so-and-so, I'll think, and isn't she a marvelous girl! What an attractive creature little Miss Thing is—she talked so well, too. Analyzing it all, I'm chagrined to discover that all these charming girls discussed was Edward Everett Horton and

his interests!"

It has been said that all women are matchmakers. This he vigorously denies.

"At any rate, my women friends aren't," he laughed. "They always say, don't let Eddie get married, it would spoil him."

"My observations lead me to believe that the advantages of bachelorhood far outweigh the disadvantages. As I said before, I'm a selfish, crabby, nasty old bachelor until the end of the chapter, amen!"



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Through an important gland

People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then,

this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

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Then a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called the Marmola prescription.

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